

DELL

For

AUG 15 1958

SPECIAL BONUS ISSUE!

modern screen®

JUL. 25c

presents
the most tender
and tragic
love story
of our
time...

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AUG 18 1958

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ATTENTION ALL TEENAGERS!

Lana's daughter needs you—
see inside how you can help



NEW!

*New Lustre-Creme Shampoo
for shinier, easier-to-manage hair
now at a special introductory price!*

Debbie Reynolds starring in "THIS HAPPY FEELING" A Universal-International Picture. In CinemaScope and Color.

The advertisement features a large, vibrant portrait of Debbie Reynolds on the left, showcasing her signature short, wavy blonde hair. To the right of her portrait is a large yellow starburst graphic containing two special offers. Below the starburst are two product containers: a blue jar of 'Lustre-Creme Shampoo' and a white bottle of 'Lustre-Creme Shampoo'. The jar has a yellow label with 'LANOLIN BLESSED' and 'Lustre-Creme SHAMPOO' text, along with a 'SAVE 41¢' sticker. The bottle has a blue label with 'LOTION', 'Lustre-Creme SHAMPOO', and a 'Sale \$1.19' sticker. The background is a solid pink color.

Special
Foamy new lotion
economy size bottle \$1.50
Now only **\$1.19**

Special
Satiny new cream
economy size jar \$2.00
Now only **\$1.59**

REG. \$2.00 VALUE **\$1.59**

LANOLIN BLESSED
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
SAVE 41¢

LOTION
Lustre-Creme
SHAMPOO
REGULAR \$1.50 SIZE
Sale **\$1.19**

Debbie Reynolds knows there's a new reason why 4 out of 5 top Hollywood stars use Lustre-Creme Shampoo! It leaves your hair shinier than ever before and any hair-style is easy to set now after a Lustre-Creme Shampoo! Try it right away, while this special offer lasts!

AUG 15 1958

C'MON AMERICA, IT'S TIME FOR

NO TIME FOR SERGEANTS



**IT'S THE PLAY
THAT RAN FOR
3 SOLID YEARS!
IT'S THE PICTURE
THAT WILL RUN
FOREVER!**

Even happier than the
book—and the book
was the happiest
best-seller of all.

The laugh-time of your life-time—
those wonderful guys who won
a medal for strictly nothing...!



From the
same studio
and the same
director who
gave you
"Mister Roberts"!



STARRING

ANDY GRIFFITH

Starring
in the
stage role
that rocketed
him to fame!

WITH

MYRON
McCORMICK
NICK ADAMS

A

MERVYN LEROY

PRODUCTION

SCREEN PLAY BY

JOHN LEE MAHIN • MERVYN LEROY • WARNER BROS.

DIRECTED BY

PRESENTED BY



modern screen



Revel in the fun and the freedom of summer! Water ski—swim—dive—splash in bracing summer waters! Do what you like, whenever you *feel* like it! Nothing should hold you back—surely not time-of-the-month—not when *Tampax* is so available.

Tampax® internal sanitary protection spells *freedom* to millions of smart young moderns!

Freedom from bulk and bulges!
Freedom from chafing and odor!
Freedom from disposal problems!
Freedom from carrying problems!

Freedom! Freedom of the beach and of the sea! All summer long! For with *Tampax*, you can *wear* what you like, *do* what you like—in complete *comfort*, complete *security*. You can all but *forget* there's a difference in days of the month!

Convenient to buy wherever drug products are sold. In Regular, Super or Junior absorbencies, to suit individual needs. *Tampax* Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.



*Invented by a doctor—
 now used by millions of women*

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The cover portrait of Liz and Mike is by Hans Knopf of Globe. Liz can be seen in MGM's *RAINTREE COUNTY* and will soon appear in MGM's *CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF*. Other photographers' credits are on page 74.

DAVID MYERS, editor

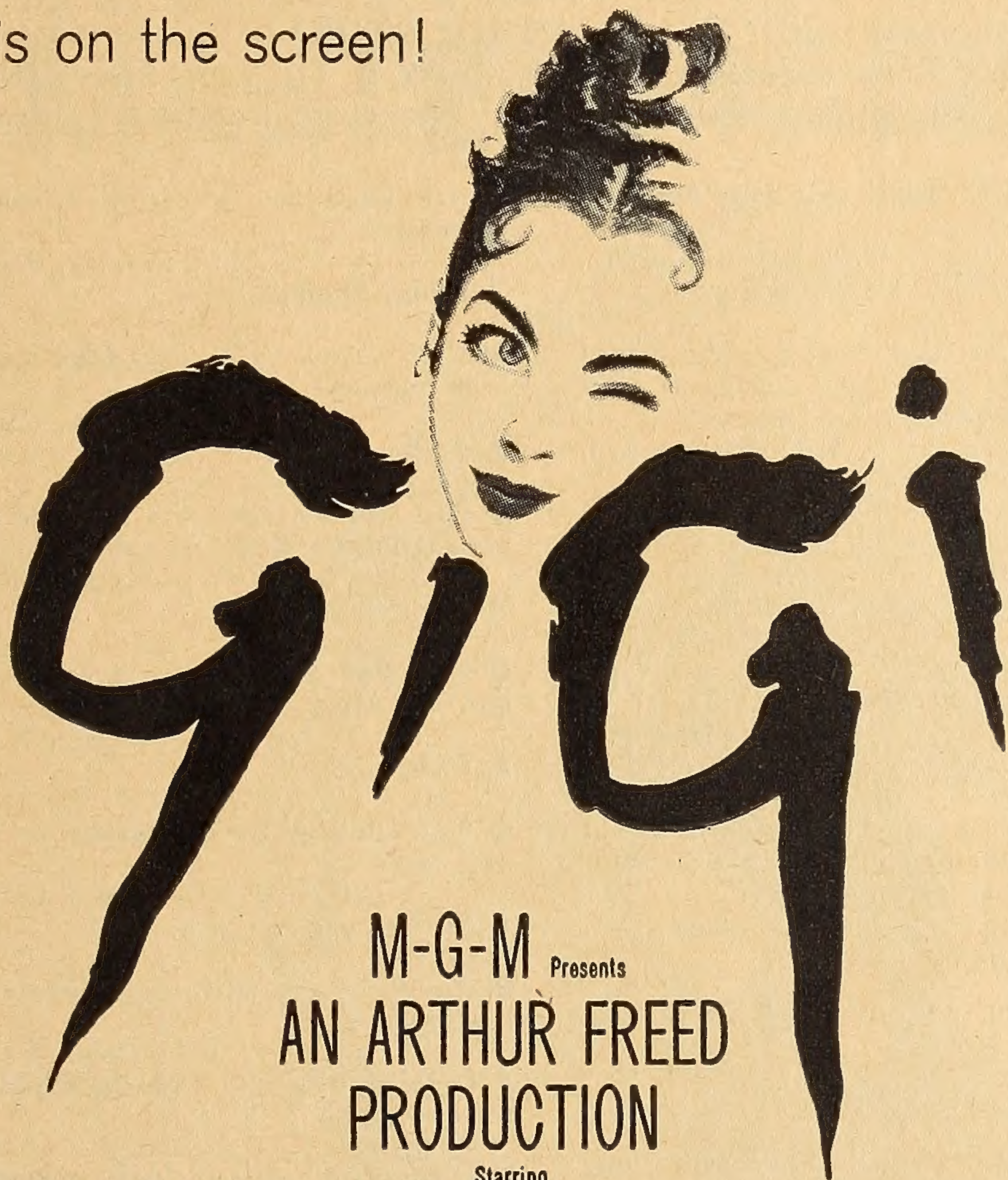
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POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579, to 321 West 44 Street, New York 36, New York.

MODERN SCREEN, Vol. 52, No. 6, July, 1958. Published monthly except January by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Office of publication at: Washington and South Aves., Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. **Dell Subscription Service:** 321 W. 44 St., New York 36, N. Y. Chicago advertising office 221 No. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. Albert P. Delacorte, Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director. Published simultaneously in the Dominion of Canada. International copyright secured under the provisions of the Revised Convention for the protection of Literary and Artistic Works. All rights reserved under the Buenos Aires Convention. Single copy price 25c in U. S. A. and Possessions, and Canada. Subscription in U. S. A. and Canada \$2.25 one year, \$3.50 two years, \$4.75 three years; foreign, \$3.25 a year. Reentered as second class matter March 25, 1957, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright 1958 by Dell Publishing Company, Inc. Printed in U. S. A. The publishers accept no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material. Trademark No. 596800.

*The love story that
inspired the songs
you've been listening to...*

The first
Lerner-Loewe Musical
since
"My Fair Lady"
is on the screen!



M-G-M Presents
AN ARTHUR FREED
PRODUCTION

Starring

LESLIE CARON
MAURICE CHEVALIER
LOUIS JOURDAN

HERMIONE GINGOLD • EVA GABOR
JACQUES BERGERAC • ISABEL JEANS

Screen Play and Lyrics by ALAN JAY LERNER • Music by FREDERICK LOEWE

Based on the Novel
by COLETTE

Costumes, Scenery & Production
Design by CECIL BEATON

In CinemaScope
And METROCOLOR

Directed
by

VINCENTE MINNELLI



"Thank Heaven
For Little Girls"

"She's Not
Thinking Of Me!"



"The
Parisians"

"Gigi"



"I'm Glad
I'm Not Young
Anymore"

"The Night
They Invented
Champagne"



Sally's BLUE

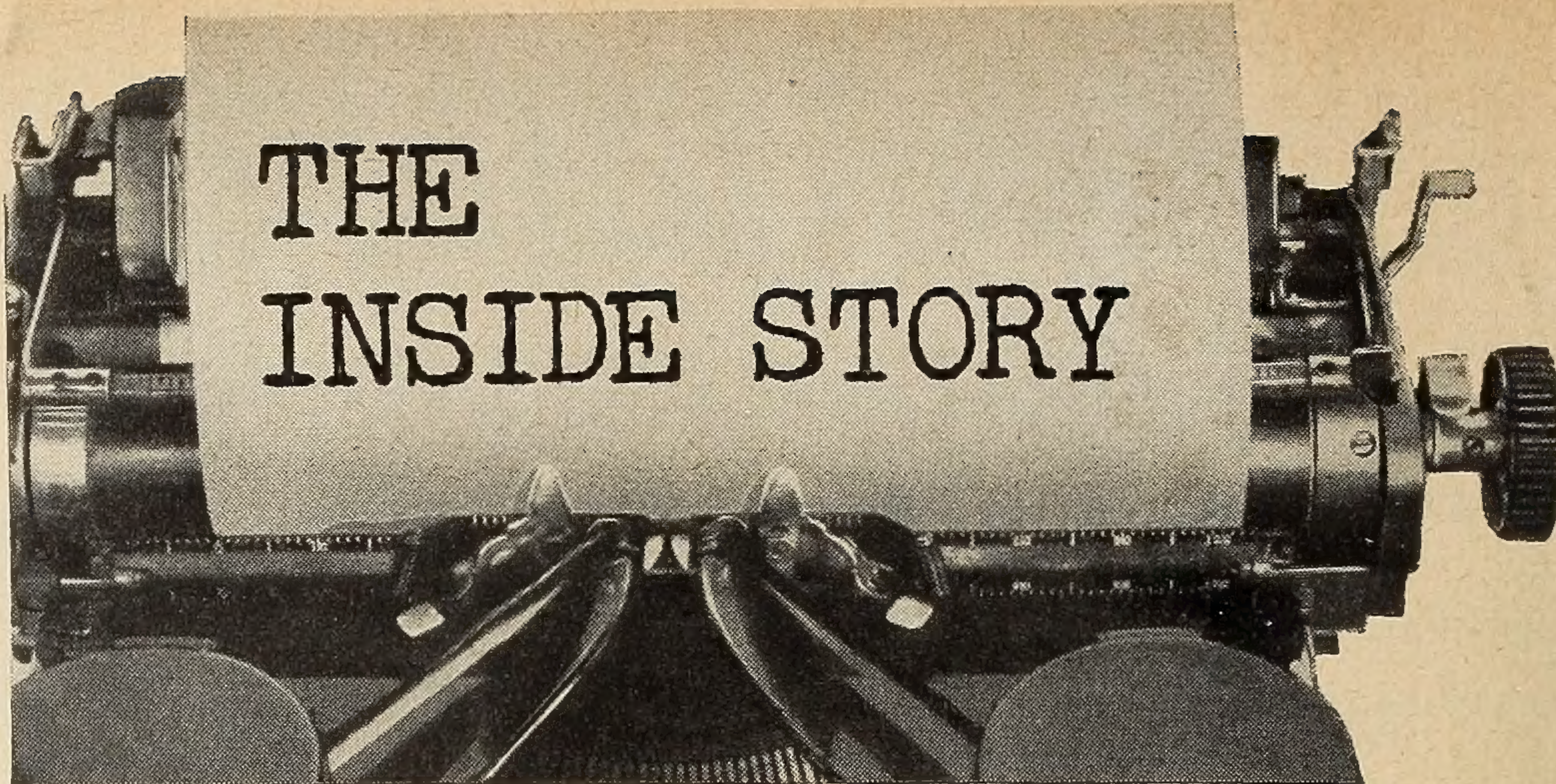


PERIODIC PAIN

Midol acts three ways to bring relief from menstrual suffering. It relieves cramps, eases headache and it chases the "blues". Sally now takes Midol at the first sign of menstrual distress.

"WHAT WOMEN WANT TO KNOW"
a 24-page book explaining menstruation is yours, FREE. Write Dep't F-78, Box 280, New York 18, N. Y. (Sent in plain wrapper).

Sally's GAY WITH MIDOL



Want the real truth? Write to **INSIDE STORY**, Modern Screen, Box 515, Times Square P.O., N. Y. 36, N. Y. The most interesting letters will appear in this column. Sorry, no personal replies.

Q Is there a chance that **Judy Garland** is sick?

—H.T., BALTIMORE, MD.

A *Judy is very sick financially.*

Q Is it true that Noel Coward turned down *My Fair Lady*, which is why **Rex Harrison** got the part?

—R.T., MIAMI, FLA.

A *Yes.*

Q What's happened to **Gary Crosby**?

—J.T., RENO, NEV.

A *Will soon appear in a film, MARDI GRAS.*

Q Who taught **Kim Novak** to act?

—R.T., CHICAGO, ILL.

A *Mostly drama coach Benno Schneider.*

Q Is it true that **Rossano Brazzi** will never again act in a film with **Ava Gardner** or **June Allyson**?

—K.D., DENVER, COL.

A *Not if he can help it.*

Q Can you tell how much **Doris Day** earns per film?

—C.R., BANGOR, ME.

A *\$250,000 against 10% of the gross.*

Q Is there a **Burt Lancaster-Tony Franciosa** feud?

—V.E., RALEIGH, N.C.

A *Only on Franciosa's part.*

Q Where is **Howard Keel**? What's he doing?

—A.T., BOSTON, MASS.

A *Keel is in Hollywood, mulling over a 5-year pact offered by CBS-TV.*

Q How much was **Liz Taylor** and family left by **Mike Todd**?

—L.D., COLUMBUS, OHIO

A *Eventually Liz will get approximately \$2,000,000 from the estate.*

Q Will **Esther Williams** and **Jeff Chandler** get married?

—T.T., LINCOLN, NEB.

A *Yes, probably next April.*

Q What is **Yul Brynner's** real name?

—K.F., FRANKFORT, KY.

A *Julius Bryner.*

Q Is **Loretta Young** divorced?

—V.R., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

A *No, but she and her husband are apparently separated.*

Q Does **Eddie Fisher** get his hair fixed at a beauty parlor?

—O.B., MASON CITY, IOWA

A *No.*

Q Are there any actors of Lebanese parentage?

—N.C., SEATTLE, WASH.

A *Danny Thomas, for one.*

Q How many times has **Alan Ladd** been married?

—S.W., BURBANK, CALIF.

A *Twice.*

Q Can you tell me what religious denomination the **Ozzie Nelson** family is?

—P.P., MEMPHIS, TENN.

A *Protestant.*

Q Will **Pat Boone** ever have to go into the Army like **Elvis**?

—T.T., CAMDEN, N. J.

A *Chances are small.*

Q How tall is **Elvis Presley** in his bare feet?

—G.C., SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

A *Six feet, one-half inch.*

Q Are there any Mormon actresses in Hollywood?

—B.T., PROVO, UTAH

A *Laraine Day and Rhonda Fleming are two.*

Q How many children does **Jennifer Jones** have?

—P.T., DUNELLEN, N.J.

A *Jennifer has three children.*

Q If I come to Hollywood, is it possible to visit some movie star's home?

—Y.T., YAKIMA, WASH.

A *Not unless you're invited.*

Q Who are the richest actors in Hollywood?

—B.D., MENDOTTA, CALIF.

A *Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable, Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby, Burt Lancaster.*

Q Is it true that **Burt Lancaster** used to sell lingerie and that his partner Harold Hecht used to be a chorus boy?

—E.T., BUFFALO, N.Y.

A *True.*

Q Did **Marlon Brando** recently pay to have a friend of his cured of narcotics addiction?

—V.M., N.Y.C.

A *Yes.*

Q Was **Mickey Rooney** slated for a big part in **Mike Todd's Don Quixote**?

—K.D., DURANGO, COL.

A *The biggest.*

PARAMOUNT PRESENTS

JAMES STEWART KIM NOVAK IN ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S MASTERPIECE



'VERTIGO'

DESIGNED BY SAUL BASS

CO-STARRING BARBARA BEL GEDDES WITH TOM HELMORE HENRY JONES DIRECTED BY ALFRED HITCHCOCK SCREENPLAY BY ALEC COPPEL & SAMUEL TAYLOR TECHNICAL COLOR
BASED UPON THE NOVEL D'ENTRE LES MORTS BY PIERRE BOILEAU AND THOMAS NARCEJAC MUSIC BY BERNARD HERRMANN



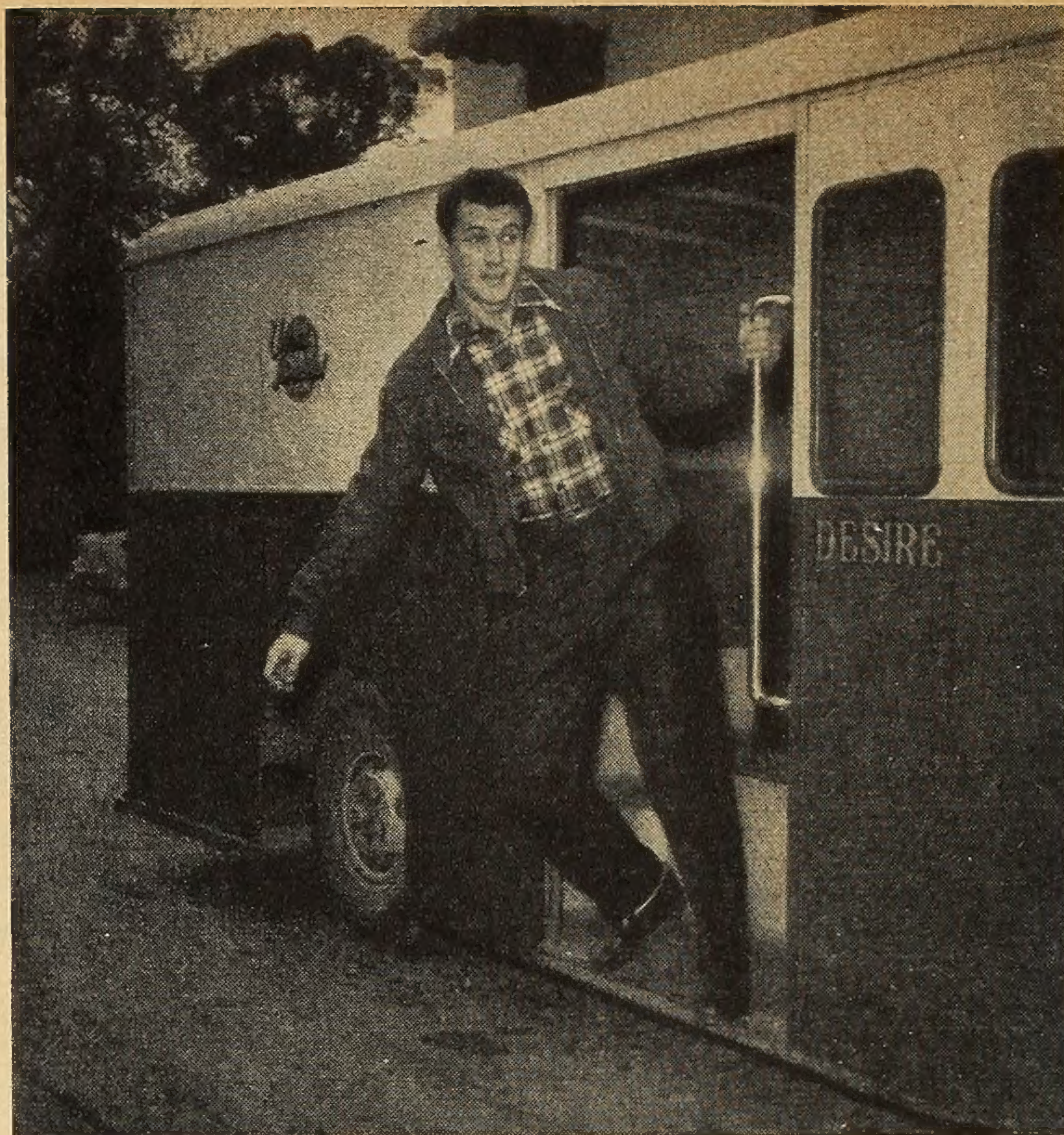
VISTAVISION®

NOW! A TALC DEODORANT

for all over
body protection



ROCK gets recognized



■ It hadn't been so many months ago when he had been one of the regulars here.

Rock Hudson eyed the ground round steak. It used to taste just fine in the old days—less than twelve whole months ago. Rock had stopped here every night after the day's run on his trucking route. The Drive-In food was nourishing, the service was quick, and the waitresses had a cheery word now and then for a young man who was occasionally downhearted and discouraged.

He wasn't Rock Hudson in those days, twelve months before. He was just plain Roy Fitzgerald, and he was still fairly new in Hollywood, still homesick for Winnetka.

Then, things had started to happen to him with a dramatic suddenness. An agent saw him, was impressed by his acting potential and managed to get him a film contract.

He appeared in several small roles—nothing very impressive. But the fans started noticing him . . . and they started writing letters. These letters began like a tiny snowball rolling down hill, and ending in an avalanche.

Rock was still practically a nobody, career-wise, that night he came back to the diner, though he did eat his dinners in fancier places. It was the Brown Derby now, and occasionally La Rue and Chasens.

He had come back to the drive-in partly for sentimental reasons and partly because movie making was still new to him and confusing and sometimes discouraging. If he could only feel that he was *getting* somewhere!

His life was easier, true enough. And the food was better and the girls were classier. But was he making any real dent on the public?

While he was occupied with these thoughts, a bus-boy walked up to him and said, "Hey, haven't I seen you somewhere?"

Rock's face relaxed into an easy smile. Here it was, a real, live fan. Not just a statistic chalked up by his studio's fan mail department.

He turned, smiled pleasantly, but played it very cool.

"Could be," he said.

"Your face is sure familiar," the bus-boy said as he mopped up the counter and carried several tray-loads of dishes to the kitchen before returning.

"Beats me," he said then, looking closely at Rock and shaking his head.

Rock wanted to tell him, *I'm an actor; you've seen me on the screen*. Rock wanted to shout it from the housetops. Idly Rock wondered which of his pictures it was that had made an impression on this youngster. *Fighter Squadron? Undertow? Bright Victory?*

He finished his steak and polished off a piece of apple pie à la mode. Leaving an out-size tip as a gesture of gratitude to the world at large for his revived self-esteem, Rock was paying his check when the bus-boy came bounding back.

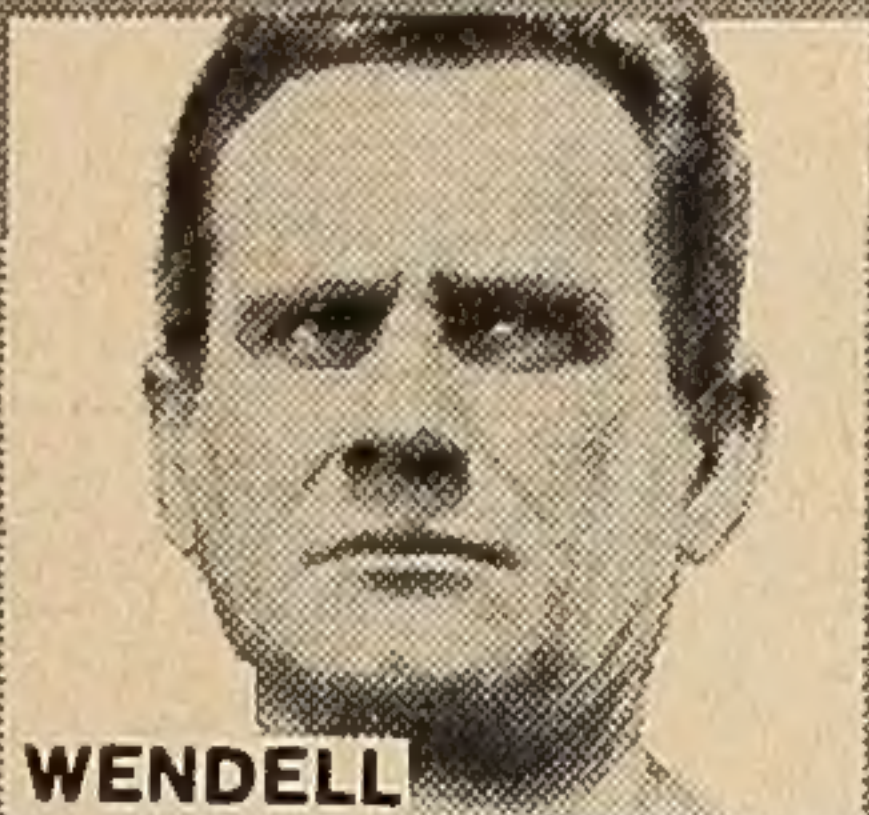
"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "now I know where I've seen you before! You used to drive a truck for the Budget Pack company, and you ate your dinner here every night!"

You can see Rock in 20th Century-Fox's FAREWELL TO ARMS and soon he will appear in U-I's TWILIGHT FOR THE GODS.

THE STIRRING SAGA OF A WHITE BOY
RAISED AS AN INDIAN!



FESS
PARKER



WENDELL
COREY



JOANNE
DRU



JAMES
MACARTHUR



JESSICA
TANDY



JOHN
MCINTIRE



JOSEPH
CALLEIA



RAFAEL
CAMPOS

WALT
DISNEY

presents
two
refreshing
young
stars...
who
light
the
screen
with new
excitement!



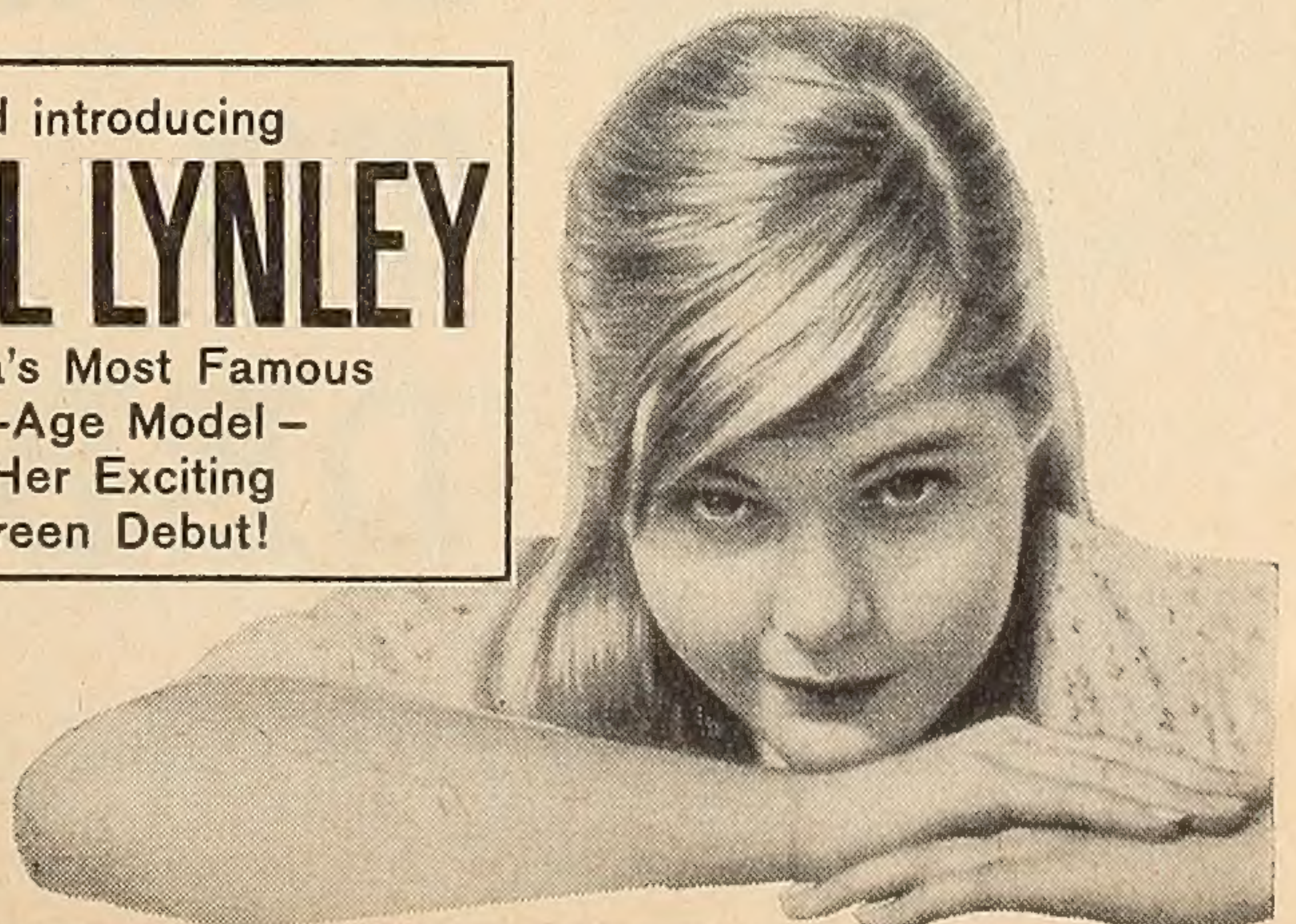
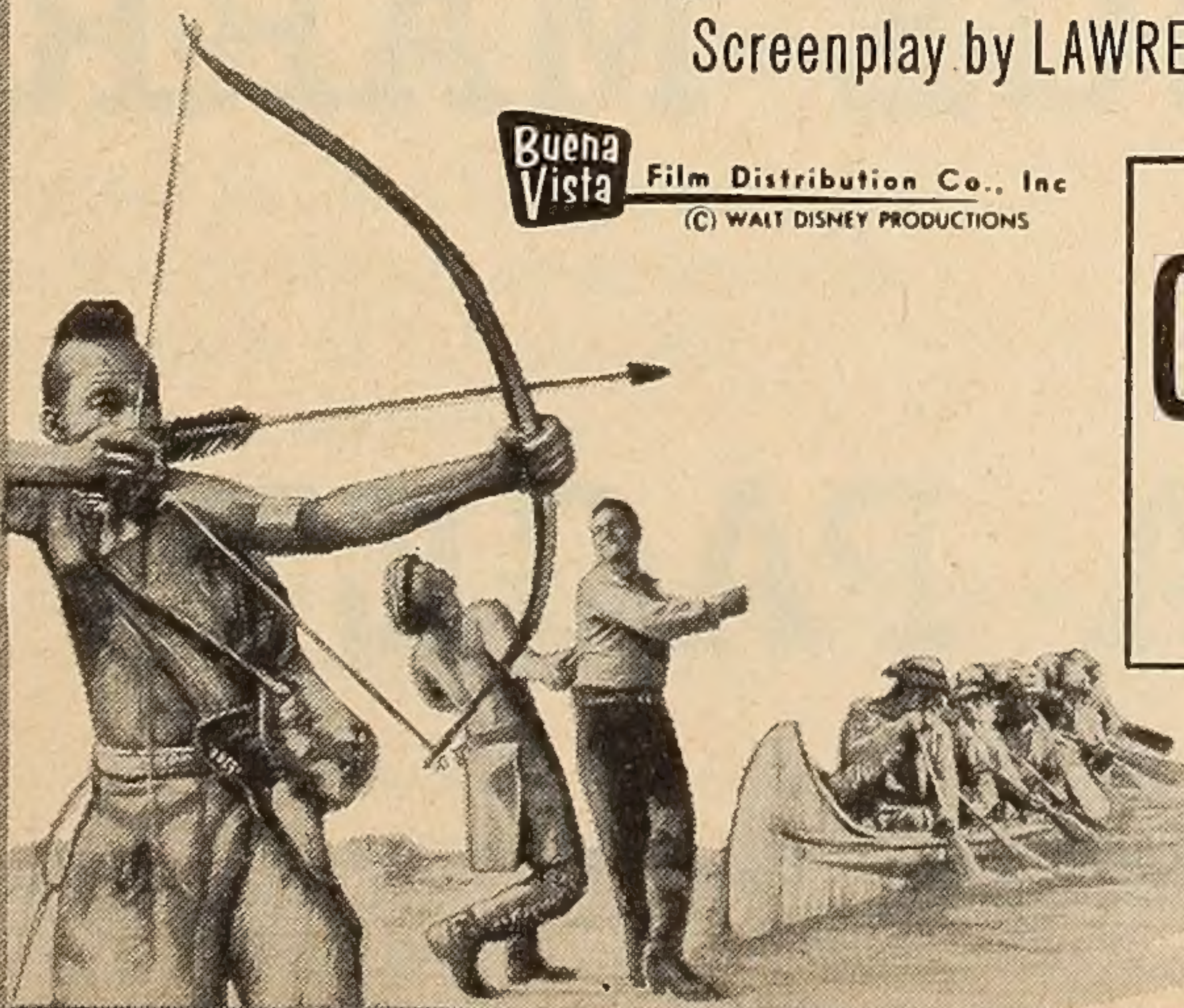
**THE
LIGHT
IN THE
FOREST**
TECHNICOLOR®

From the Novel by CONRAD RICHTER
Screenplay by LAWRENCE EDWARD WATKIN • Directed by HERSCHEL DAUGHERTY

Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.
(©) WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

— and introducing
CAROL LYNLEY

America's Most Famous
Teen-Age Model —
In Her Exciting
Screen Debut!



COMING SOON TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE!

Debra is the nicest girl I have ever met, even though she is mixed up. But when you know our story, perhaps her reasons will come to light and perhaps make sense. For she is basically a very honest girl—a girl who doesn't drink or smoke or understand a dirty joke.

I was in Las Vegas last December singing in the Celebrity Lounge at the El Cortez Hotel. I was signed for six weeks and was held over for twenty-two. I attended the opening night at the Flamingo to catch Debbie's act. I thought she was very beautiful. And I thought nothing more about her. I recalled at the time that I had first met her back stage at the Biltmore Theatre in Los Angeles when her mother Maggie was playing in *Rain*. Debbie was at that time twelve years old. Shortly after that I left Fox and she signed a contract there.

I was singing a benefit at the Sahara and I was told that Debra Paget and her mother and entourage were out front to hear me. When Debra requested *All The Way* I naturally complied. And after the show I joined them. I like her—but (Continued on page 12)



MY STRANGE MARRIAGE TO DEBRA PAGET

by DAVID STREET as told to May Mann

JIMMIE RODGERS, SINGING STAR OF ROULETTE RECORDS



“You can always tell a HALO girl”

Her hair has that look-again look

You can always tell a Halo Girl,
You can tell by the shine of her hair.
The magic glow of a Halo Girl,
Goes with her everywhere.

The magic of Halo shampoo is pure and simple. Halo's modern cleansing ingredient is the mildest possible . . . the purest possible.

He'll love the satiny shine Halo's rich, rich brightening-and-smoothing lather brings to your hair.

Get that look-again look, today—with pure, sparkling Halo.



HALO *glorifies as it cleans*



I dreamed I was
a midsummer night's dream in my *new*
*maidenform** bra! I'm bewitching...and
the magic is all *maidenform*! It's *new*
Twice-Over[†] Six-Way*, a beautiful
blend of comfort and curves...the bra
that stays up, stays put, stays perfect!

Here's why:

- Inside-secret bands of elastic to give you a gentle grip that can't possibly slip!
- Double-elastic sides for easy give-and-take—you've never *known* such comfort!
- Double-stitched cups of silky broadcloth for curve-control where it *counts*!
- Light-and-airy foam-rubber lining to make the most of every curve you own!
- Changeable six-way straps adjust to stay secret under your *every* neckline!

White cotton broadcloth in sizes A, B, and C cup 5.95

© 1958 MAIDEN FORM BRASSIERE CO., INC., NEW YORK 16, N. Y. *REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. †PAT. PEND.



Look for this colorful package. Ask for a Maidenform girdle, too!

JULY BIRTHDAYS

If your birthday falls in July, your birthstone is a ruby and your flower is a larkspur. And here are some of the stars who share your birthday:

July 1—**Olivia DeHavilland**
Farley Granger
Leslie Caron
Charles Laughton

July 3—**George Sanders**

July 4—**Eva Marie Saint**
Gina Lollobrigida
George Murphy

July 9—**Bob Hope**

July 10—**Nick Adams**

July 11—**Tab Hunter**

July 14—**Dale Robertson**

July 16—**Barbara Stanwyck**
Ginger Rogers

July 18—**Chill Wills**
Red Skelton

July 20—**Natalie Wood**

July 22—**Perry Lopez**

July 23—**Michael Wilding**
Gloria DeHaven

July 25—**Walter Brennan**

July 26—**Janet Leigh**

July 27—**Keenan Wynn**

July 29—**Richard Egan**
Bob Horton
William Powell

July 30—**Jacques Sernas**



Jeff Donnell
July 10



Polly Bergen
July 14



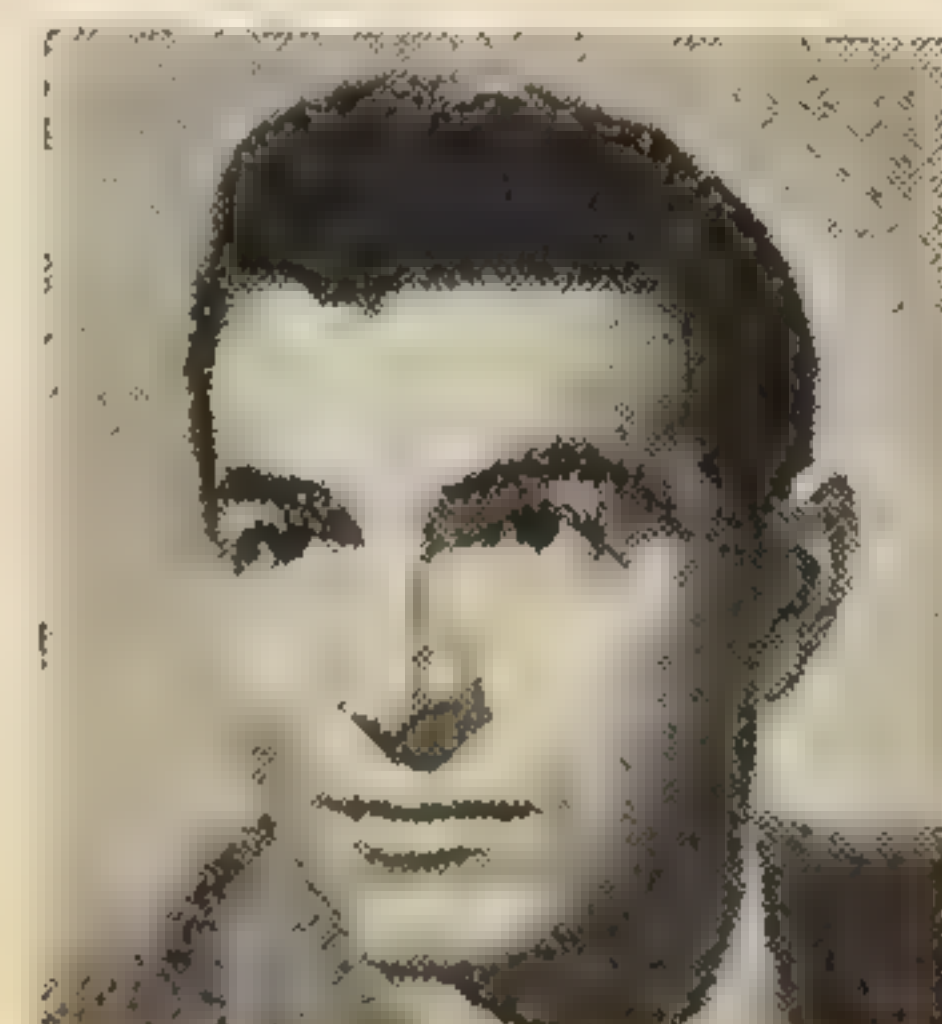
Sonny Tufts
July 16



Joan Evans
July 18



Patricia Medina
12 July 19



Stephen McNally
July 29

my strange marriage to debra paget

(Continued from page 8) I didn't fall in love with her. After that I enjoyed their company many times for they all often came in to hear me sing. I was never alone with her, never touched her hand or held her.

At this particular time I was having a problem of my own. My recent divorce from Mary Beth Hughes had become final, and a girl I had been going with for some time suggested that we should now get married. I told her that I didn't think, in view of our differences, we could make a go of it. However, we were married... and quarreled and broke up immediately. That was just before I met Debra. And after Debra had returned to Los Angeles this other girl returned to Las Vegas and got a divorce. Certainly the headlines were most untimely. Not to mention the subsequent column items. I returned shortly after that to Los Angeles and I accepted Debra's invitation to call.

We sat watching tv that first evening in their big house in Beverly Hills. It is a very elaborate house that once belonged to Constance Bennett and Gilbert Roland. Debbie's two sisters and her mother and father also live there, and Debbie has a large suite of her own with a den, sitting room, bedroom and bath.

A hint of a problem

Debbie's mother excused herself and Debbie and I talked together for two hours. We discussed pictures—and her feelings about people. Debbie talked of her devotion to her mother, who is more than a pal to her. Although Debbie is quiet, and not a conversationalist—when she does say something, she is sincere. You count on its being exactly what she thinks. She isn't like the average woman who says *yes* when she means *no*. However, her shyness is a problem: even if she feels strongly about something, she may not say anything—and you are left entirely in the dark. That was our real problem later.

But to get back to the first evening I visited her, after a most enjoyable time I finally arose to leave. Debbie held out her hand to say goodnight. And suddenly we were holding each other. Maybe we were already in love without knowing it. She had sought me out in Las Vegas. I had sought her out on my return. We didn't suspect our feeling until we touched. And to touch was to kiss. And suddenly Debra was not shy now. She was all woman returning kiss for kiss—warm, vibrating, thrilling.

There was only one thing to think of—marriage. To my surprise and my delight, she said, "Yes."

Debbie and I both knew that this was all very sudden—and it seemed sudden. But it also seemed right.

I told Debbie I would like to wait—for I was in the middle of a big business deal and until I had it—I didn't feel I had the right to offer her marriage.

Debbie drew away from me. She looked up into my eyes with hurt plainly showing in hers. Then she turned and ran downstairs—leaving me alone. Her mother came up and I asked, "Where's Debbie?"

"She's downstairs. She feels upset," her mother replied. "It doesn't make sense to her to wait."

I ran downstairs to Debbie and I took her in my arms. "All right," I said, "we'll do it your way." She said, "If we can't marry now, darling—let's not wait longer than a week." And that is the way it was.

Wedding plans

There was a lot of excitement over the wedding plans. A dressmaker quickly made

a lovely ivory satin wedding gown for Debbie. We rushed the wedding up to within three days.

The wedding was at her home, with the minister of Christ Church Unity officiating. We had chosen our wedding rings—a plain band for me and diamond-and-platinum engagement and wedding rings for Debbie. After the ceremony, we hosted our guests at a buffet dinner. Then we slipped out the back door and drove to Apple Valley and a bridal cottage. We were far away from everyone. And we were all alone.

Debbie was all I ever dreamed of. She was the one girl who had everything I had ever looked for in a woman. I was the first man in her life. She is beautiful before she awakens in the morning—with her lovely skin and her beautifully shaped face and her lovely lips. Her lower lip fascinated me. She has an exquisite neck and lovely shoulders, and I liked to look at her as she lay there asleep. What plans I had for her—for us.

She has the most beautiful body I've ever seen. And she's responsive and warm and cuddling—but not in a simpering way. She has a tremendous sense of humility, and she's graceful, charming, honest, and... yes, she is very romantic.

I never quite caught her perfume—it was so delicate. And then the long walks we took. And the drive to the trout hatchery where we watched the fish. But she was quiet. She didn't laugh much.

Debbie would wake up early each morning. This comes from a long schedule

~~~~~  
**When Sophia Loren arrived in Rome after her trip to America, customs inspectors peering into her little overnight bag found a copy of *The Plague* by Albert Camus, a pair of gold slippers, a black brassiere and four packages of chewing gum.**

Dorothy Kilgallen  
in the New York Journal-American

~~~~~  
of early studio calls. We had a wonderful honeymoon—except it lasted only two days. She had to return for a tv film—*Wagon Train*—and I had to go to New York for a tv show.

Debbie's house

We had both agreed to pursue our careers separately—and never to interfere with each other's work—just to enjoy it and be proud. But it was hard to leave her so soon. We moved into her house since we had no time to find a place of our own. I could scarcely pull her out of her home—for it was built around her. Her pink satin bedroom and her marble bath were the most beautiful I had ever seen. But still I felt like a guest living in her house. She knew the household routine; I did not. I was anxious for our own home.

I had to go to New York for ten days. Instead of staying at the hotel, a friend asked me to move in with him. Debbie called the hotel, but they did not give her my friend's number as they should have. When I called, she was upset over it. I told her how much I missed her, and that I had two other commitments in New York. She told me she was leaving in three days for Mexico to make a picture and she'd be gone for six weeks. I cancelled everything and flew home to Debbie.

Debbie and I were close again, except we were never alone. We always had dinner with the family. And even her wonderful family is not (Continued on page 14)



BOURJOIS BRINGS YOU THE TALL VALUE IN COLOGNES

ON THE WIND • FROSTY MIST • SPICE 'N' ICE...three refreshing moods in fragrance...crisp, spicy or tangy. Each in the towering 6-ounce decanter, beautifully gift boxed. And for the first time in these summer cool fragrances; matching cologne stick and new cloud-soft, dreamy dusting powder. \$2.00 values, **each 1.00.**

*Now . . . they had
no time for shame--
only time for love!*



*. . . and the hope that the pounding of
their hearts could drown out the sound
of chaos that thundered about them!*

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE'S

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

The great
love story of
World War II
by the author of
"All Quiet on the
Western Front."

A Universal-International Picture starring

JOHN GAVIN • LILO PULVER

co-starring **JOCK MAHONEY • DON DEFORD • KEENAN WYNN**

Directed by **DOUGLAS SIRK** • Screenplay by **ORIN JANNINGS** • Produced by **ROBERT ARTHUR**

CINEMASCOPE in Eastman COLOR



my marriage to debra paget

(Continued from page 12) conducive to a couple working out problems. Debbie was also dieting for her new picture. This makes her highly nervous—in a way that doesn't show—but is within her; and it builds up. She told me of being in Mexico three years before and getting a fever that changed her metabolism. This makes her constantly have to fight weight. Sometimes she goes all day on just a little ice cream.

I had a night club engagement in Hollywood when she went to Mexico. We talked a lot on the telephone.

Then to my tremendous surprise, one day she called and said, "I don't know why, David; I just know that it is what I want. I want a divorce. It isn't right and it isn't fair to you—but I feel that until I am free I'll never get to know you, really fall in love with you the way I should for a lifetime together."

I flew to Mexico and I held her in my arms. "Debbie," I pleaded, "I have to know you and you me. We haven't had a chance. And the slightest misunderstanding can pull two people apart. Marriage means love, friendship, complete honesty. The only thing that you do which concerns me—is that you are so quiet. You don't tell me what bothers you."

More trouble

In a strange way another woman who professed she had once loved me and who threatened she'd break up my marriage to Debbie was the real hazard. She constantly gave out press items to harass me. All vicious and lies. But that saying, *Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned*, was too true. My first wife was influenced to sue me for money, and now she tells me she is sorry. It was all bad taste—and terribly confusing to a lovely girl like Debbie.

Debbie returned from Mexico and I felt we were now more like strangers. She had a bad cold and she stayed in bed. There was little chance to talk to her. She said quietly, "David, it is not going to work. I feel now that I have to be a wife, and I don't want to be a wife. You're too good to me—too nice. What you do is right—but I look for little things. If you send me a sweet card it upsets me—and if you don't it upsets me. I know it's not you. It's me. If we were not married, we could get to know each other. It all adds up to this: I have to be free. Maybe then we can start over again some day. I am so nervous and tired—that is all I know."

"I want a divorce."

I could not blame Debra. We didn't dare leave the house, because of prying reporters and press items in the papers.

This was not the ideal thing that a sheltered girl like Debra had dreamed of. I do know that when she came to me as my wife—she was a pure, lovely girl. This is surprising for a girl of twenty-four living in a glamorous place like Hollywood where love is too often too lightly taken and given.

I am in love with this girl. And our parting was not bitter. "I can't tell you how sorry I am," Debbie said when we said good-bye.

Debbie's mother was also sad, and expressed her deep regret that our marriage had to end.

Debbie went to Mexico and got the decree. All I can say is, our marriage never got off the ground.

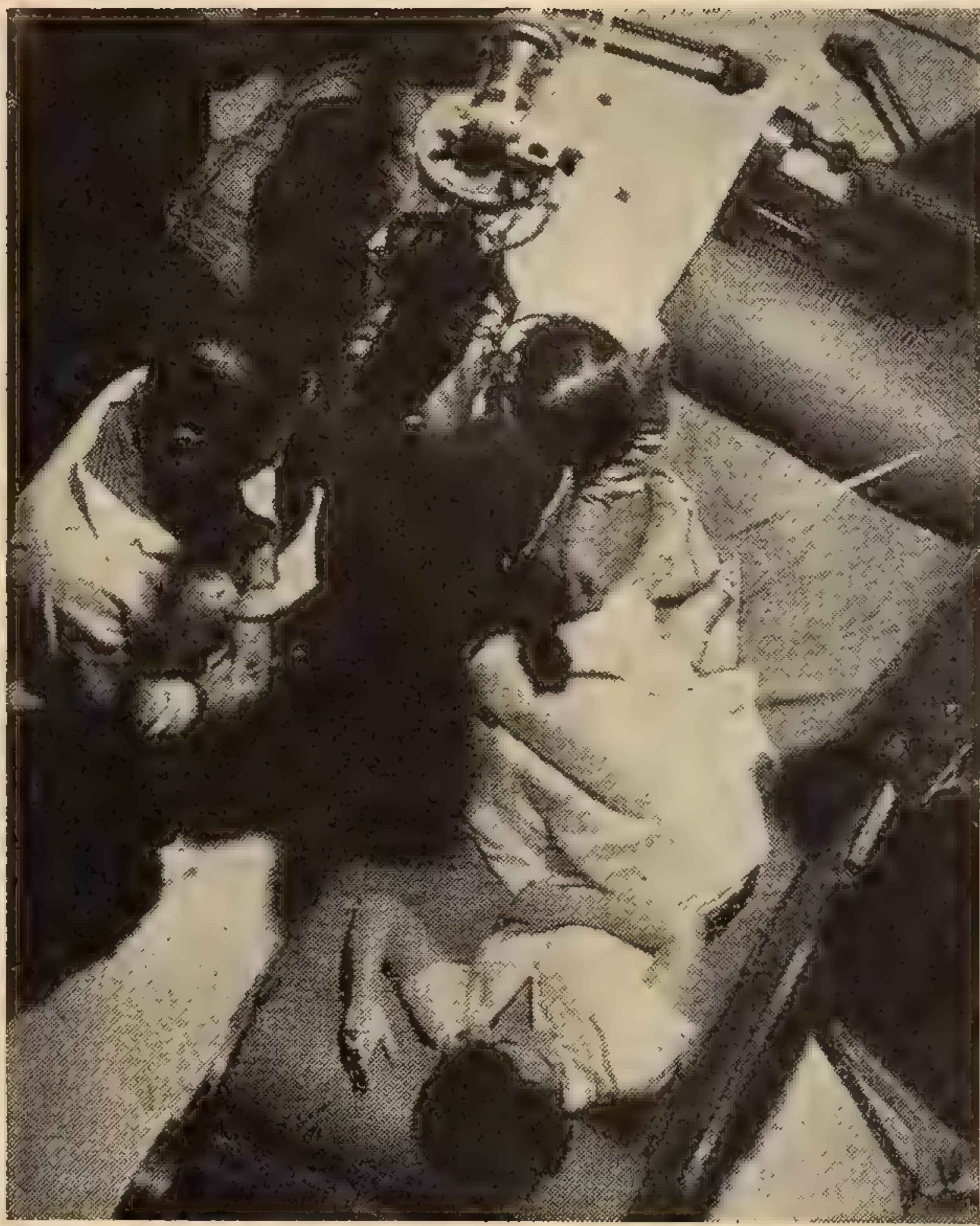
I am going ahead with my plans, and one day soon, when they are completed—I hope to return to Debbie. She has a heart of gold—and I think perhaps, if God is willing, we can recapture those first happy times we knew on our honeymoon.

And she will again be my wife. . . . **END**

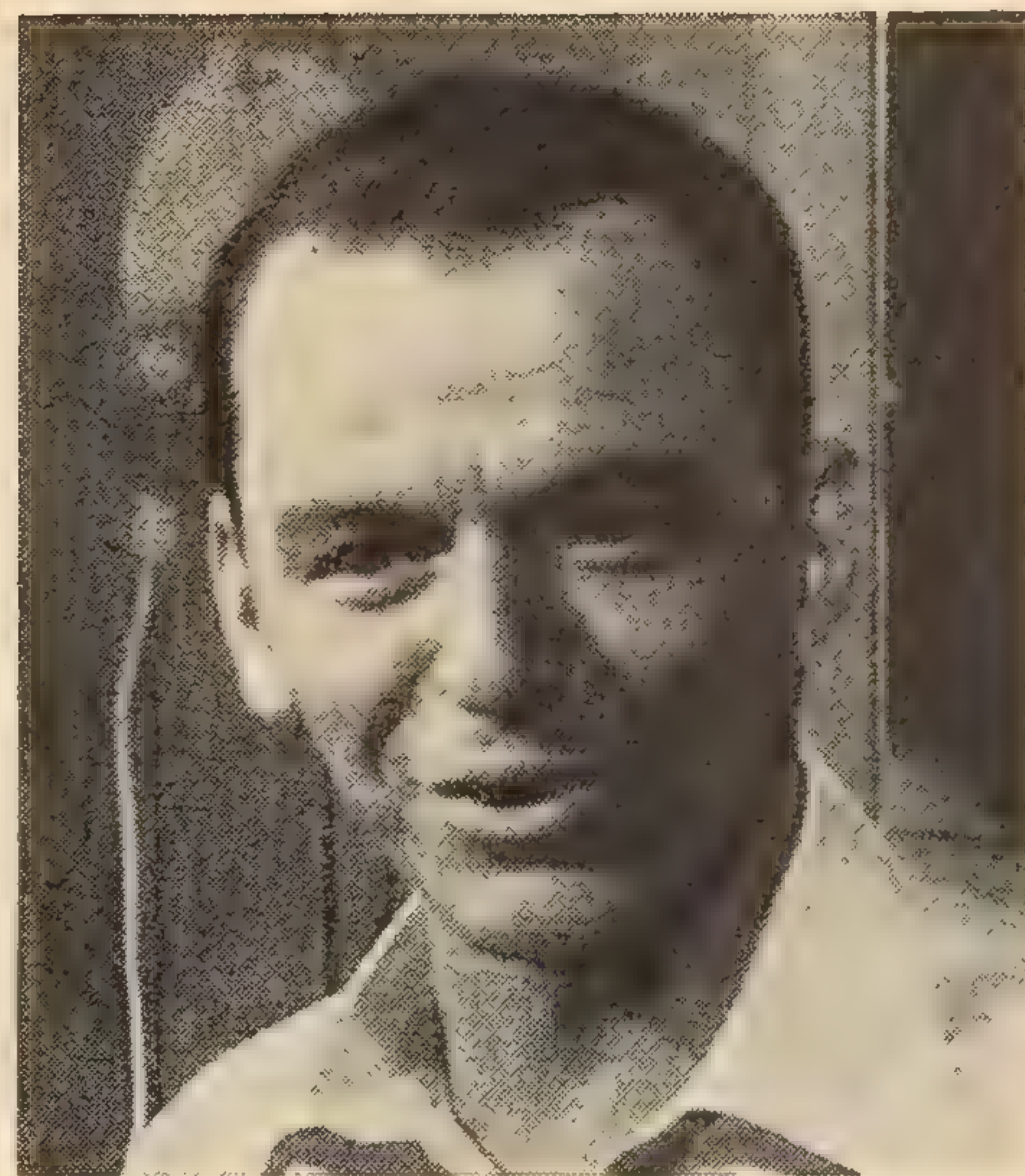
modern screen's 8 page gossip extra!

LOUELLA PARSONS in hollywood

IN THIS ISSUE:



LIZ goes back to work



**FRANKIE makes
a secret visit**



**JANET
prepares for her
second baby**

LOUELLA PARSONS
in hollywood



louella parsons' GOOD NEWS

I hear some surprising news about Frank Sinatra, and attend Dean Martin's fabulous opening at the Cocoanut Grove



*That Frankie! No matter what some people say about him,
I say he's the first to help a friend in trouble.*

It Was So Thoughtful of Frankie . . .

I couldn't believe it when I first heard it either—but it's true!—and has been verified: the first person to see **Lana Turner** in her house of tragedy the Saturday evening after the stabbing of Johnny Stompanato by fourteen-year-old Cheryl Crane on Good Friday was **Frank Sinatra!**

Of course when I say the *first* person I make exception of the police authorities, lawyers and other authorities, and Steve Crane and Lana's mother.

How such an attention-getting visitor could have eluded the attention of the reporters and photographers swarming around Lana's home I shall never know.

But Frank arrived at 6:45 p.m. and stayed fifteen minutes, giving what comfort and courage he could to the stricken Lana.

I say this is a big surprise because for years Lana and Frank have not been on good terms. Dating back to the time he blew a fuse and called the Palm Springs police to evict his (then) wife **Ava Gardner** and her guest Lana Turner from his house, the feeling between Frankie and Lana hasn't been friendly—to say the least.

But who really knows this complex Sinatra character? When he first heard the awful news about the tragedy of Lana's little girl, he was at home with a friend of his. "This is awful," he kept saying over and over. "This is awful."

The truth is that anything involving a child gets under his skin. That night he went to the home of Nancy Sinatra and visited until bedtime with his own brood of three, as though to assure himself that his kids were happy and well.

But he couldn't get the tragedy of Lana and her child off his mind. "I'd just like to see Lana and let her know we're standing by," he kept repeating to his pals.

Some of them advised Frankie to keep out of it. He could write Lana a note. Or telephone. Or send flowers—if he *had* to do something. "All right, all right!" he said impatiently.



Debbie and Eddie came to Dean Martin's opening—and Dean couldn't have been happier.

Lauren Bacall said some angry words about Frankie before stepping off with Leo Durocher.



Above Dean Martin and his pretty wife Jeanne look sooo in love—and celebrating!

Right, Above Hugh O'Brian certainly gets around! But mostly with Joan Collins these days.

Right Is Jacques Bergerac falling under the spell of lovely Venetia Stevenson?



But to Frankie that wasn't good enough. Not nearly good enough. Giving all his cronies the slip, and without trying in any way to hide his visit, he drove right up to Lana's home and walked in!

What he said to the dazed and heartbroken Lana no one will ever know. But it must have comforted her and helped in her blackest hour. And just how tragic those hours were you'll understand when you finish reading the story on page 28.

That Frankie! Just when you think you want to kill him for something or other—you want to kiss him!

But Lauren Doesn't Like Him!

One belle who did not feel like kissing **Frankie** was **Lauren Bacall**. At least not last month when it looked as though their on-again off-again romance was off for good.

"Do me a favor. Never mention my name again in the same breath with Frank Sinatra's," she snapped to a reporter the night **Dean Martin** opened at the Coconut Grove. It was the same night Frankie Boy was opening at the Sands in Las Vegas.

Betty—as her intimates call Lauren—was in Dean's party, sitting at the ringside with Jeanne Martin and Irving Lazar. All dressed up, perfumed and glamorized, she looked about as happy as Sad Sack.

And I hear the first thing she did when she arrived home was put in a long distance call to some friends in Las Vegas to find out if Frankie's opening was as great as she hoped it was!!?????

Dean Martin Did So Well

Getting back to **Dean's** debut at the famed Grove, it was a "gasser"—as his pal **Sinatra** would put it. Dean never sang better, and he's very amusing. "I have a new opening for my act—sober," he kidded as he came on.

Venetia Stevenson and **Joanne Moore** were two of the most beautiful girls in the room although so different in type. Venetia's mother, by the way, tells some rather startling things about this young miss on page 64.

I don't know why **Joan Collins** and **Hugh O'Brian** made such a fuss about arriving separately and departing separately. They sat together the entire evening.

Debbie and **Eddie** stopped by my table to tell me they were leaving the next day for a cigarette manufacturers' convention in Florida. And then on to New York to see a show or two. These two need a little fun. The Fishers have really been crushed by the death of Eddie's close pal, **Mike Todd**. When Dean sang *Around the World In 80 Days*, Eddie wrung his hands to hide his emotion.

I also saw **Dale Robertson** with his new girl Mary Markham.

But most of all it was a big night for Dean.

LOUELLA PARSONS in Hollywood *Continued*

The Party Of The Month

Glamorous **Zsa Zsa Gabor** may enjoy playing up her feather-brained side and her cute *bon mots*, but she's rapidly developing into one of our most important formal hostesses—and that takes brains.

Close on the heels of the brilliant party she gave last month for **Noel Coward** and her sister **Eva** after their stage opening in *Present Laughter*, Zsa Zsa came up with another social dilly. This time she honored the two South American millionaires, Francisco 'Baby' Pignatari and Jorge Guinle.

She chose the Beverly Hilton's Escoffier Room to do the catering and she herself turned her lovely home into a bower of spring flowers for this affair. "I arranged every zingle flower," she said, proud of her handiwork.

As always when Zsa Zsa entertains, the girls wear their best and most expensive gowns. And usually something happens.

It started off immediately when **Ginger Rogers** walked in followed moments later by her ex, **Jacques Bergerac**—in separate parties. As Ginger and Jacques had not parted the best of friends, everyone was surreptitiously watching to see how this encounter would come off.

The first thing Jacques did was walk over and chat with Ginger. Then he asked her to dance—cheek to cheek—and they proceeded to laugh and talk with one another as though they were the best of friends! In Hollywood, you never know!

Following the delicious dinner and dancing, the impromptu show started.

The one and only **Bea Lillie** sang number after number, with **Van Johnson** and **Shirley MacLaine** chiming in. I had a wonderful talk with Bea, the priceless English comedienne, who is a good friend of mine. She always loves coming to Hollywood and seeing her good friends.

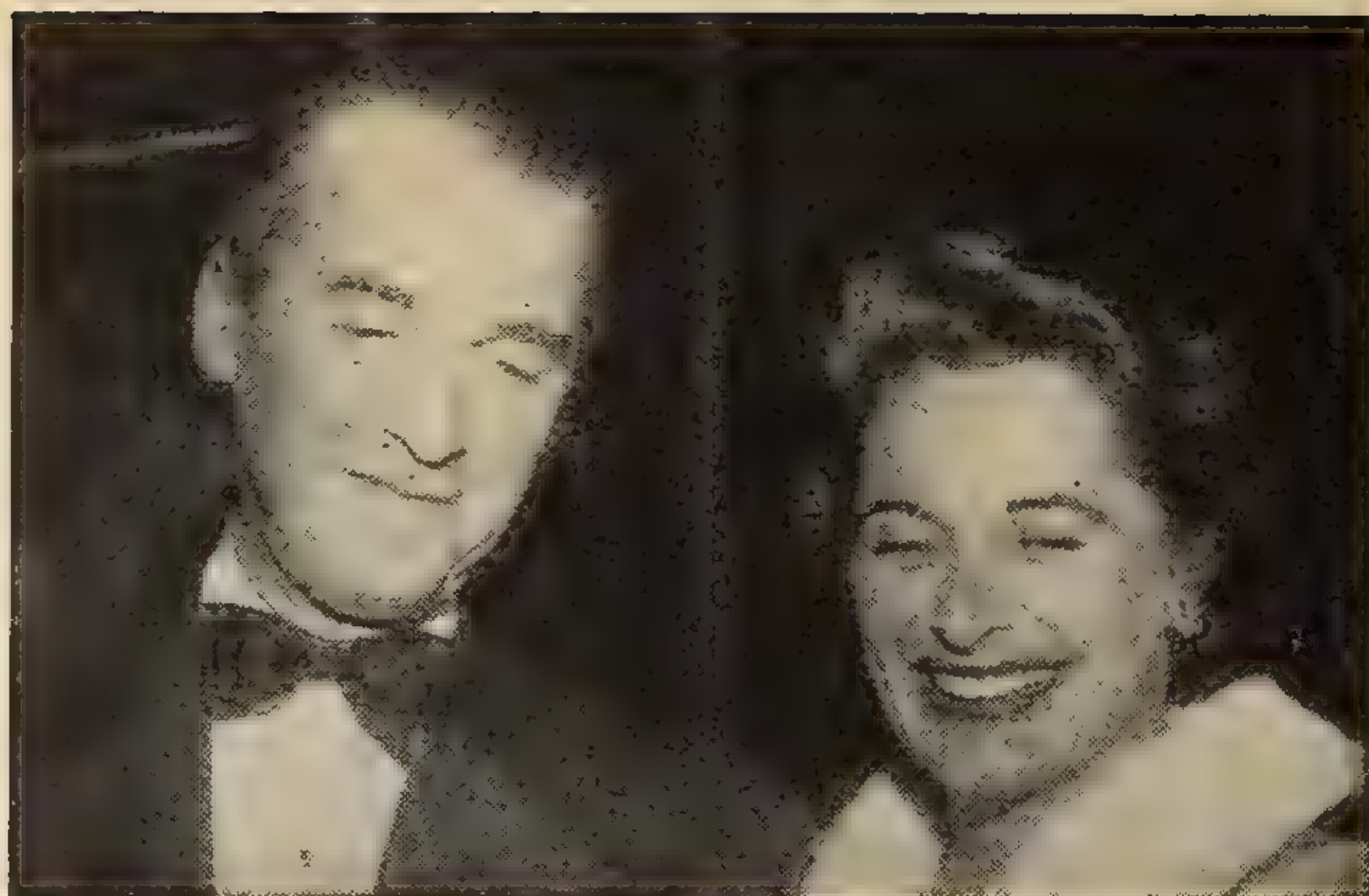
Helen Grayco—Mrs. **Spike Jones**—wore the latest gasp in a loose fitting sack. But she's pregnant, and on her it looked good.

Flitting from table to table was Zsa Zsa's mother, the indomitable Jolie, who kept insisting she was eating too much—while urging others to do the same!

Jimmy Stewart and his wife Gloria alternated dancing—they look like pros on the floor—with long and serious discussions with David Selznick. David came alone, explaining that his wife **Jennifer Jones** wasn't feeling well—but I've never felt she cares too much for Hollywood parties.

As for the honored guest, Baby Pignatari, he is one of the most charming men I have ever met in my life. I can well understand how **Linda Christian** fell for him—even if I can't understand how he fell for her. I think her recent headline shennannigans involving him and another rich South American were disgraceful.

But Baby proved himself a gentleman. He said nothing about—or against—Linda, the headline hunter and millionaire chaser. Perhaps the less said about her, the better.



It's always wonderful to see them together—Jimmy Stewart and his wife Gloria. But we were all holding our breath to see how Ginger Rogers would act when her ex, Jacques Bergerac, came in. . . .



Janet and Tony Have the Happiest News!

The two happiest people in Hollywood are **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis** who, as this is written, have just learned that they'll welcome their second baby in November.

Long before they knew they were on the Stork's list, they'd picked out a name for their second child. If it's a girl it will be Corey. If a boy, just plain Cory.

Maybe you're wondering where they got so hepped up on such an unusual name. It dates back to about two years ago when Tony starred in *Mr. Corey* for his home base, U-I.

This was the first picture in which Tony himself was completely happy about his performance. Although his first dramatic role had been *Six Bridges To Cross*, and he got very good reviews, Tony personally liked his role of the young gambler in *Mr. Corey* best.

Of course Tony and Janet hope the expected baby will be a boy. Their bouncing baby daughter Kelly is now a snappy two years old. When they moved into their beautiful new Beverly Hills home—a large place right around the corner from Pickfair, the fabulous home of America's sweetheart, Mary Pickford—Janet said she hoped they had a lot of babies to fill it up. It's so wonderful when children come to young parents who want them as much as Tony and Janet.

If you ask me, I shouldn't be in the least surprised if, following the birth of Cory or of Corey, Janet retires from her career. She has hinted for some time that if she has another child—or two—she'll be content to be just Mrs. Tony Curtis, mother of Kelly and Cory Curtis—and any other little Curtises that come along.

Tony and Janet say a lot more about their marriage on page 35.



Janet and Tony have picked out a name for their next baby that will work if it's a boy or girl!

I NOMINATE FOR STARDOM—

Lee Remick, who belongs to the new, brittle, self-assured school of young actresses from the Broadway stage who refuse to look upon themselves as movie Cinderellas and have no awe of Hollywood.

Well-trained before they ever hit Hollywood and sure of themselves and their talents, they are a far cry from the beautiful, big-eyed, big-chested dolls who came up to stardom via the 'extra' route or were discovered sipping sodas across the street from their high schools.

Lee, the girl with the boy's name, belongs rather in the young dramatists group which now numbers **Joanne Woodward** and **Susan Strasberg**, among others coming up fast.

Already the out-spoken Miss Remick has knocked the critics cold with her playing of the lovesick young bride in *The Long Hot Summer*. So pleased is 20th Century-Fox with her work, she's been put under long-term contract.

Hollywood she can take or leave. "I prefer

New York," she says. She's also been quoted as remarking, "I'm never able to distinguish clearly where the movie sets end and the real living begins."

Her handsome tv producer-director husband William Colleran just laughs indulgently and says, "Pay no attention to her. She's really movie struck and reads her fan mail like crazy!"

Born in Boston, she acquired the acting bug early in life and was majoring in dramatics all through her Barnard College (New York) days.

Then Lee stepped from the classroom right into a top role in the show *Be Your Age*, which lasted one week. But from this start she stepped very successfully into tv and was chosen by star-maker Elia Kazan to play opposite **Andy Griffith** and **Tony Franciosa** in her movie debut, *A Face In The Crowd*.

Like it or not—and I bet she does—she's on her way to movie stardom.



OPEN LETTER to Johnny Saxon:

If you are secretly married to your long-time sweetheart Vicki Thal, what's the secret about?

Oh, I know you've been advised that 64% of today's movie ticket buyers are teenagers and you are one of the teenagers' delights. But I honestly thought this business of screen favorites keeping marriages from the public went out with Francis X. Bushman.

Pat Boone is also a teenagers' idol. He's married. **Jimmie Rodgers**, another young man who sets 'em squealing, is married and so proud of it he frequently refers to his bride on tv shows. **Eddie Fisher** is married and so is that most popular idol of tv, **Perry Como**.

My point is this, Johnny: if you love Vicki and want to marry her, don't be afraid that you'll lose a single one of your sincere fans. And you won't miss the neurotic ones.

If you are already married to her, as almost the entire *Reluctant Debutante* company believes, just step right up and tell the world

about it as I just know you must want to.

One of my friends who was in Paris while you were making *Debutante* with **Kay Kendall**, **Rex Harrison** and **Sandra Dee**, wrote me:

Johnny missed Vicki so much he sent for her to join him in France. While he was busy on the picture, Vicki went sightseeing in London and Rome and had a wonderful time. Johnny was supposed to come right back to the USA on completion of the film, but he bought a foreign sports car and asked for three weeks' grace to do some traveling himself.

My guess is that this trip is actually a honeymoon with Vicki. They are both nice kids, very much in love, and I hope he won't let any nonsense about hysterical fans keep him from his real happiness.

See what I mean, Johnny?

They're Just Vicious Rumors, Hugh—

Hugh O'Brian is sick at heart over the recent tv magazine story accusing him of being a tight-wad and an eager-beaver opportunist. The article states that Hugh once invited seventy-five guests to his beach home for a party and failed to provide food or drink, "Because he expected his guests to bring their own."

"There's not a word of truth in it," Hugh told me glumly. "In the first place, my house at the beach isn't big enough to accommodate ten comfortably, much less seventy-five. And never in my life have I expected a guest to bring food and drink to my place."

"Sure, I try to save some money. I've got a healthy regard for it. The luxuries I feel I can now afford haven't come to me so easily that I feel I'm in the throw-it-away class."

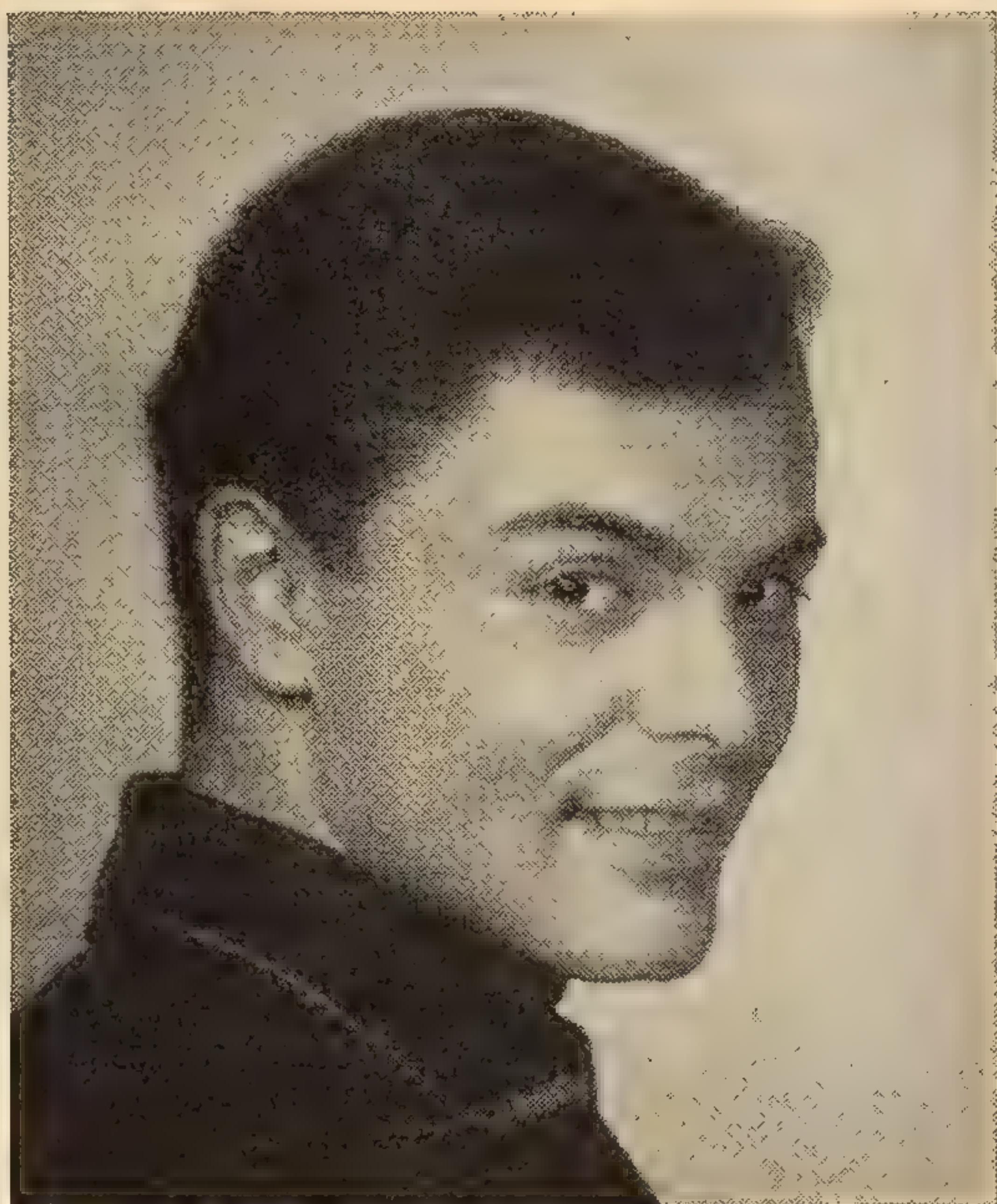
"I've tried to show some sense and make some good investments with the money I've made from tv and the movies."

"But I don't think any girl I've ever taken out would say I've tried to skimp on the evening or that I've been remiss about sending flowers."

I can be a first-hand witness, Hugh, that you certainly did not skimp on that whoopla surprise birthday party you gave for Nancy Sinatra! You rounded up fifty people at Romanoff's for cocktails, then piled the group into a huge double-decker bus equipped with food and drink and a five-piece combo before descending on Nancy . . . who hadn't dreamed such a gala celebration was in store for her until you and your guests arrived!

As for being an opportunist, you aren't the only young actor I've known doing all he can to promote his career.

Forget the criticisms. You're doing okay.



Watch Out, Kim!

Speaking of visiting millionaires, Lt. General Raphael Trujillo, Jr.'s visit to Hollywood and the USA, during which he's dated such beauties as **Kim Novak**, has stirred up a big fuss in Congress. One of our Congressmen told the world, "While the son of the head of the Dominican Republic is in this country dating beautiful movie stars and living it up to the hilt, his country is asking our Government to give it millions and millions of dollars. Roughly, I would say that the way Junior is spending money, his trip here will cost a million!"

IN MY OPINION...

Whether **Shelley Winters** threw that perfume bottle at **Tony Franciosa**, beaming him behind the ear, or not—there's no doubt that Shell's intensive dieting to lose twenty-five pounds for *Diary of Anne Frank* has shattered her nerves. . . .

I'm just a bit fed up with these belles from Broadway taking pot-shots at Hollywood. For instance, **Suzy Parker's** crack: "Hollywood is like a beautiful kindergarten. All the people have such simple interests—themselves." Well, you sassy beauties aren't chained here. . . .

Marlon Brando's performance in *The Young Lions* is superb. It's going to take a great, great acting job from someone else to keep this young lion from winning the Oscar next year. . . .

It's good news from Italy that the scar on **Ava Gardner's** face which had her and her friends so worried seems to have completely disappeared. Only Ava is still conscious of it, having her cheek massaged for an hour every day, "Just in case". . . .

No single story has ever made an actress as rich as *Auntie Mame* is making **Rosalind Russell**. The stage play, the movie and future tv rights have put millions into Roz's personal bank account. She's also co-owner with her husband, Freddie Brisson. . . .

Paul Newman must be a very sweet guy. Words do not come easily to him, but he keeps patting **Elizabeth Taylor's** hand after every scene they do in *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*. . . .

*Ava's face is all right—
but the glamorous actress can't
believe the danger to
her beauty is in the past. . . .*



*Oh, for the dear slim days
gone by, Shelley Winters
might be saying—and
husband Tony Franciosa
is yearning for them too!*



*Marlon's one young
lion who certainly deserves
that Oscar. . . .*

Our Gallant Liz Is Back

Every heart in Hollywood saluted **Elizabeth Taylor** the morning she came back to work on *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof* exactly two days short of a month following the heartbreaking crash of **Mike Todd's** plane.

It had been previously agreed between director Richard Brooks and co-stars **Paul Newman** and **Burl Ives**, and the crew which had worked on all Liz's pictures since she was a little girl, that there would be no sad speeches.

But it was clear to all that the woman who came back to them was not the girl who had left!

Eight pounds thinner—she had to refit many of her clothes—still breathtakingly beautiful, there was a new maturity, gentleness and understanding about this Elizabeth that the gay, spoiled darling whom Mike called his "baby Liz" had not had.

Her first words were, "Thank you, thank you so much. I love you all." She was referring to the red roses and the low bowl of her favorite flowers, violets, which the company had put in her dressing room.

Work began almost immediately. If Liz was conscious of being saved from too many

demands on her, she gave no indication. Director Brooks had made the opening scenes as easy as possible. They were a series of scenes showing her reacting to dialogue spoken by the other players.

It was obvious that she was still far from well. The very long-drawn-out cold and touch of the flu which had kept her from accompanying her adored and adoring Mike on that tragic trip to New York still hung on.

"I don't know how she got through that first day," Richard Brooks told me. "In addition to the cold, there's so much about death in the script of *Cat On A Hot Tin Roof*."

The second day, Elizabeth couldn't work—because of the cold, not because her courage had failed her.

She returned to the set the following day and, as this is written, she has been able to continue. She wants so much to finish the picture for a heartfelt reason.

Liz told me, "The prime reason I came back is that Mike was so terribly proud of me in this picture and he was enthusiastic over what I was doing. He saw the rushes every day and liked them so much. I know he would want me to go on."

When I asked Elizabeth what her plans for the future are, she said, "I have no plans

for the future. I may work or I may not." I believe that was just the mood of the moment. To other friends, when she is not so bowed down by grief, she has said she would like to make a comedy, perhaps in Europe. But for the moment, she is just putting one day on top of another. To get by . . . is enough.

Away from the studio, she spends all her time with her two sons by her marriage to Michael Wilding, and with little Lisa—the infant daughter who will never know her fabulous father. The only outsiders Liz wants to see are a little circle of close friends: Helen Rose, press agent Bill Lyon, hair stylist Sidney Guillardoff, and her young doctor, Rexford Kennamer. They were all close friends of Mike's, too.

Sidney told me, "Liz wants to talk and talk about Mike. We let her. It's good for her."

One thing they have all learned *not* to tell her is: *Time heals all wounds. You are young. There is much in life for you.* This, she bitterly resents. When you read her love story in the special sixteen-page section starting on page 42, you will understand completely why her violet eyes flash with fire and anger as she says, over and over again, "Don't hold out hopeless hope to me. There was and is only one Mike Todd!"

God bless you, and help you, Elizabeth.



Our hearts are filled with prayers for Liz Taylor, as she picks up the threads of her shattered life. . . .





Above So many readers have been moved by the tragic plight of Lana Turner that we're printing several of their letters here. Right One fan thinks Heather Sears is far and away the greatest young actress.



THE JURY BOX:

So many letters poured in on the **Lana Turner-Cheryl Crane** tragedy that I am turning over half of The Letter Box this month to The Jury Box:

"As Lana fought for the freedom of her child at the coroner's inquest, my eyes wept for her. My heart wept for Cheryl," writes DODIE BASKIM, WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

GRACE MCGILL, HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS, asks perceptively: "Are we, the public, entirely without blame? I think not. We force no discipline on our multi-married, multi-divorced glamor girls and then we are shocked when a sordid tragedy strikes!"

"There's hardly a woman alive who at one time or another hasn't loved an unworthy man. Only Lana got CAUGHT. I hope her mother gets custody of Cheryl," postcards EVIE GOMEZ, SAN DIEGO. "I sincerely believe Lana would be the right kind of mother to Cheryl now."

HELEN K. ORGILL, HAWTHORNE, CALIFORNIA: "I am furious over columnists' comments that Lana Turner's career will not be affected by this terrible thing. Think deeply, you writers, of what you are asking the public to forget!"

"Cheryl Crane is the innocent indictment of every broken marriage in the world," says MRS. MAUDE MARTIN, KANSAS CITY. "If these people can't stay married, why do they have children?"

Sixteen-year-old CATHY MCCORMACK, TOLEDO,

writes: "Please, Miss Parsons, remind those who would crucify Lana Turner of those beautiful words, 'LET HIM WHO IS WITHOUT SIN CAST THE FIRST STONE.'"

"It is not necessary to pass judgment on Lana Turner or her tragedy-stricken daughter. No matter what the verdict of the public is on Lana or the juvenile authorities on Cheryl, the only thing that can heal both their souls is prayer and right living," says DONALD SPELLING, CHICAGO.

All you readers will be interested in Dave Myers' open letter to you. Turn to page 28.

THE LETTER BOX:

Many beautiful letters of courage and sympathy to **Elizabeth Taylor Todd**, one of the loveliest from MRS. BESSIE BEERS, eighty-six-year-old lady from SAN ANTONIO:

"If the dear child can just keep these beautiful words in her heart constantly: 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of Death I shall fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me.'"

Personal to MRS. BETTY LOU T, KANSAS CITY: I am shocked that you have so thoroughly transferred Elizabeth's real suffering to yourself to the extent that you haven't been able to keep your home running or care for your husband and children since the death of **Mike Todd**. If this unrealistic condition still exists, you must consult a psychiatrist.

DUANE W. MCGINNIS, U. S. NAVAL AIR STATION, NAVY No. 3835, has never written a letter to a movie magazine before. But he saw *The Story of Esther Costello* and says, "Heather Sears is far and away the greatest of the young actresses. **Pier Angeli, Diane Varsi, Carol Baker** can't be mentioned in the same breath with her." Okay, Duane—but Carroll Baker can at least have her name spelled correctly!

From NEW LONDON, TEXAS, MRS. HOWARD LEVERETT, writes: "**Marlon Brando's** southern accent in *SAYONARA* was perfect! I've lived in Texas and all over the South and his accent was great. Those Eastern Southerners who criticized him talk like they have a mouthful of hot molasses."

"Does **Venetia Stevenson** have a sister?" asks LOUISE FULLER, SALT LAKE CITY. "I have an old movie magazine, about sixteen years old, showing Venetia's mother, **Anna Lee**, with two little girls captioned as her children. One was named Venetia and the other Caroline. Yet a recent interview in *MODERN SCREEN* says Venetia is an only child. What happened to Caroline?" David Myers has all the facts on that, Louise, and he gives them to you in a story by Venetia's mother, Anna Lee. Turn to page 64.

That's all for now. See you next month.

Louella Parsons

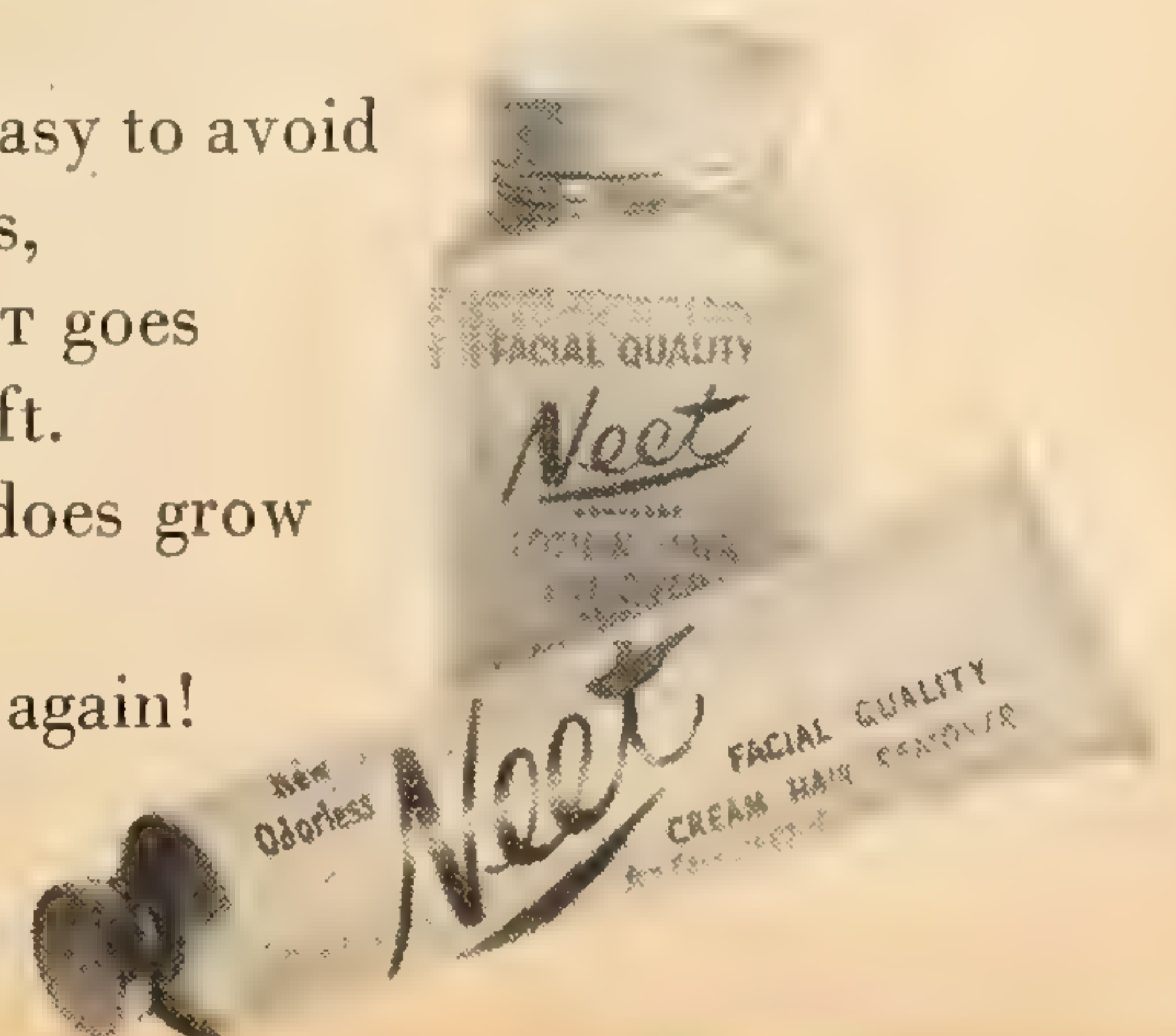


shave, lady?...don't do it!

Don't risk "razor shadow" on legs and underarms. It's so easy to avoid "razor shadow", that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and arms, when you *cream hair away the beautiful way* with NEET. New baby-pink NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach... leaves your skin feeling oh, so soft. And there's never a hint of "razor shadow" because when the hair *finally* does grow in again it feels softer, silkier, no stubble at all! Next time try baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET: either lotion or cream—you'll never want to shave again!

cream hair away the beautiful way

Neet



WORTH
SEEING
THIS
MONTH

FOR LAUGHS
This Happy Feeling

FOR THRILLS
Cry Terror

FOR DRAMA
The Old Man And The Sea
A Time To Love And A Time To Die
Kings Go Forth

FOR TEARS
Another Time, Another Place
Too Much, Too Soon

FOR MUSIC
Gigi

NEW MOVIES

by *florence epstein*



Maurice Chevalier regrets his youth just a bit as he and Hermione Gingold see Leslie Caron and Louis Jourdan in love.

GIGI

a brilliant musical

Leslie Caron
Maurice Chevalier
Louis Jourdan
Hermione Gingold
Eva Gabor

■ *Gigi* is absolutely delightful. The men who wrote the music and lyrics for *My Fair Lady*—Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe—wrote the book for this, and the result's the same: it's great. The setting is the beautiful green, gold and pastel city of Paris when the ladies wore costumes that knocked your eye out and the gentlemen not only dreamed of romance but pursued it constantly. It's the city that dazzles narrator Maurice Chevalier, who looks back on a rich, full life and sings *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Any More*—although, in his case, age is no obstacle. Gigi (Leslie Caron) is being carefully trained by her grandmother (Hermione Gingold) and her aunt (Isabel Jeans) in the ways of an expensive courtesan. "We don't get married at once," says Auntie, "we get married *at last*." Leslie is a charming, outspoken schoolgirl who amuses a usually-bored playboy (Louis Jourdan) with her lack of feminine wiles. Jourdan is the best catch in Paris—Eva Gabor took him for diamonds until he discovered she'd been two-timing him with ice-skating instructor Jacques Bergerac.

24 The day comes when Leslie is ready to enter

a life of luxurious sin with Jourdan. She's willing—because she loves him; but sad—because she's simple enough to want marriage. Go see this sparkling, lilting, enchanting film. —CINEMASCOPE, MGM.

ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE

wartime love story

Lana Turner
Sean Connery
Barry Sullivan
Glynis Johns
Sidney James

■ Lana's a wartime correspondent but that's not the story. The story is that she falls in love with a British newscaster, who's been away from home too long. At home he has a wife (Glynis Johns) and a son, neither of whom he wants to hurt. But Lana doesn't want to be hurt either. She wants to marry him. Her boss (Barry Sullivan) has been in love with Lana for years. When the newscaster is killed in a plane crash, the grief-stricken Lana decides to make a pilgrimage to his home. And unexpectedly she becomes a guest in the seaside home of the newscaster's widow. Knowing nothing of her dead husband's love affair, Glynis becomes friends with Lana, and thrills to the idea of Lana's writing a book about her late husband. *Don't you see what you're doing?* Barry Sullivan drops in to ask

Lana. Lana doesn't see. Not until the shocking realization that Glynis has discovered the truth. —PARAMOUNT.

KINGS GO FORTH

the social side of love

Frank Sinatra
Tony Curtis
Natalie Wood
Leora Dana
Karl Swenson

■ Even a nice GI like Frank Sinatra can be somewhat taken aback when he discovers that the girl he loves (Natalie Wood) is part Negro. He meets her in 1944 on the French Riviera, where she lives with her white mother. (Leora Dana). Even though Sinatra rallies manfully from the blow, he can't marry Natalie; she's in love with his buddy Tony Curtis, a rich, reckless lady-killer. When he and Sinatra are not up in the Alps shooting at Germans, they are down on the Riviera taking Natalie to nightclubs. Curtis even goes so far as to file a marriage application with the Army. But you have to watch that boy—he has no character at all. When Sinatra finds out how little character Curtis has he swears he'll kill him. Of course the Germans may get there first, because there *is* a war going on. The movie treats this touchy subject of mixed marriage in an honest way. —UNITED ARTISTS.

(Continued on page 26)

A VIOLENT LANDTORN BETWEEN LAW AND OUTLAW!



For
the
young
land...

for
the
young
lovers...

this
was
the
day
of
destiny!



C. V. WHITNEY  PRESENTS

THE YOUNG LAND



starring



Too
young
to wear
a badge...
too smart
to wear
a gun!

PAT
WAYNE



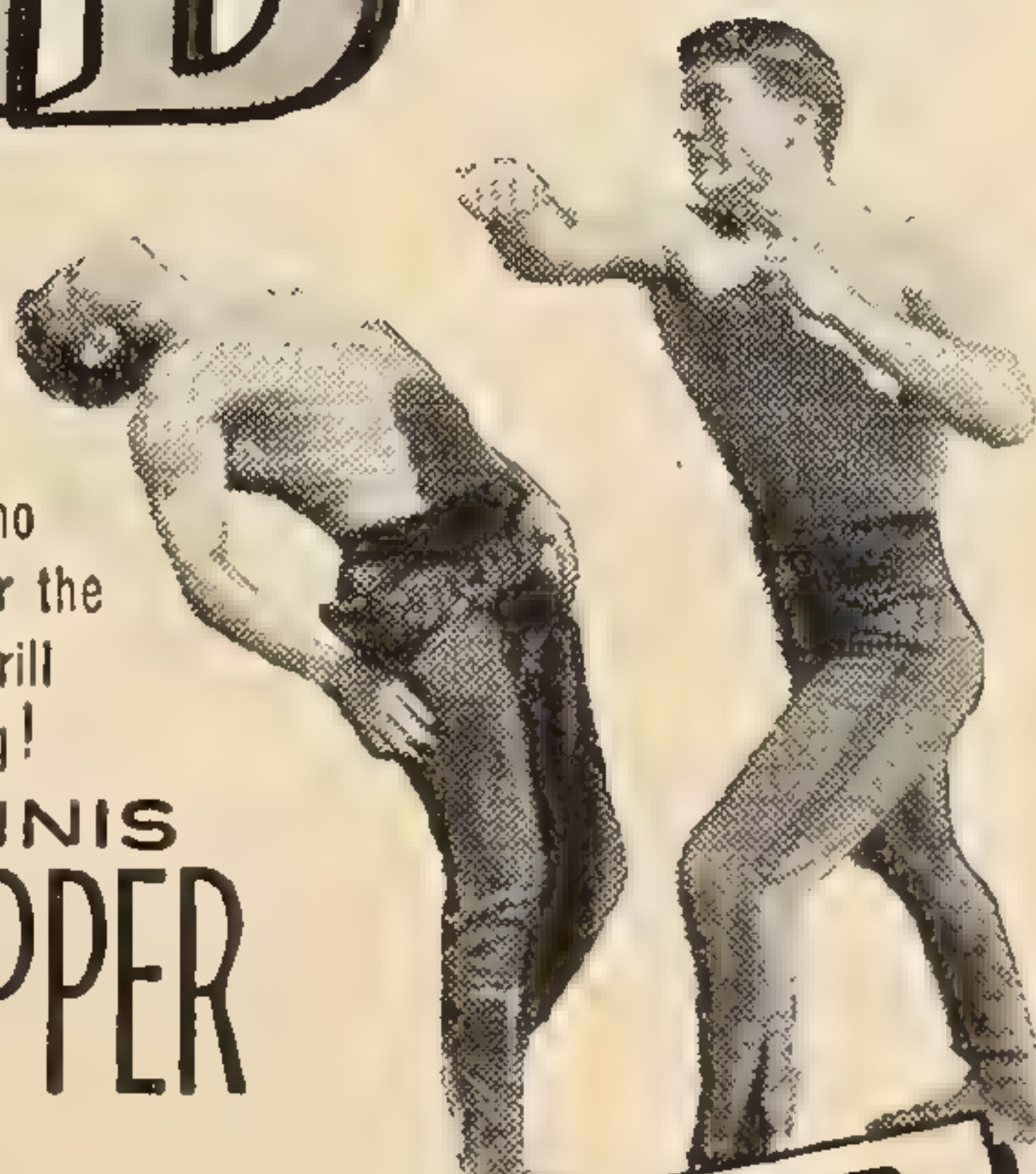
The girl
who was too
proud to
be afraid...
but not too
proud to be
a woman!

YVONNE
CRAIG



The
trigger
happy
youth who
killed for the
sheer thrill
of killing!

DENNIS
HOPPER



From
the Producers
of that
multiple
award winner
"The Searchers"

DAN
O'HERLIHY

with Roberto de la Madrid • Cliff Ketchum • Ken Curtis • Pedro Gonzales Gonzales • Screenplay by NORMAN SHANNON HALL

From a Story by JOHN REESE • Music Written and Conducted by DIMITRI TIOMKIN • Directed by TED TETZLAFF

Produced by PATRICK FORD • Color by TECHNICOLOR®

Directors of Photography WINTON C. HOCH, A.S.C. and HENRY SHARP, A.S.C.

Distributed by Buena Vista Film Distribution Co., Inc.

COMING SOON TO YOUR
FAVORITE THEATRE!





THIS HAPPY FEELING



KINGS GO FORTH



A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

A TIME TO LOVE AND A TIME TO DIE

Lilo Pulver
John Gavin
Keenan Wynn
Don DeFore
Erich Maria Remarque

■ The time is World War II and a young German soldier (John Gavin) is on his way home after two years at the front. He is glad to leave his outfit: now that the Russians are steadily forcing the Nazis to retreat, the war is not what it used to be. When he leaves the front, Gavin discovers that home is not what it used to be either. Allied bombers have leveled the city; his parents are missing; the civilians are no longer very proud of their warriors. And all is confusion. More and more Gavin wonders what he's fighting for as his desperate search for his parents continues to lead nowhere. In his search, Gavin seeks the family doctor; he finds the doctor's daughter

(Lilo Pulver). The doctor is in a concentration camp—for having mentioned that the Germans might lose the war. When the frightened Lilo and the doubting Gavin begin to search together, they pluck love and marriage out of the ruins. But the Gestapo, daily bombing raids, and a sense of national shame invade their private world. When Gavin's former professor (Erich Maria Remarque), who is in hiding and harboring a Jew, tells him that Germany must lose in order to recover its honor Gavin thinks of deserting the army. This is a sensitive, well-made film—from the novel by Remarque. Graphic scenes of war on the front and in the city highlight the poignancy of this love story.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

THIS HAPPY FEELING

Debbie Reynolds
Curt Jurgens
John Saxon
Alexis Smith
Estelle Winwood

■ Lovely things happen in Connecticut. Up there, a girl from Brooklyn (Debbie Reynolds) can meet a Continental charmer like Curt Jurgens, become his secretary and be swept off her feet by love. Jurgens is a horse-breeder; once he was a famous actor loved by sophisticated actress Alexis Smith, who keeps trying to lure him back to Broadway. But Curt's feeling his age—until he meets Debbie, who was at a party next door and crashed into Curt's home to escape the attentions of John Saxon. Debbie makes Curt feel vibrantly young, even though he slips a disc in his spinal cord every time he stoops to conquer. Never mind. Debbie wouldn't recognize the sound of grinding bones . . . particularly since the romance's burning up John Saxon. The movie's light-hearted and gay, full of snappy dialogue and handsome people.—CINEMASCOPE, U-I.

TOO MUCH, TOO SOON

Dorothy Malone
Errol Flynn
Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.
Ray Danton
Neva Patterson

■ If you've ever envied the daughters of the rich and famous, this'll teach you. Here's a movie of the life of Diana Barrymore, based on her own book. Mama (Neva Patterson), a novelist, was successful and strict; Daddy (Errol Flynn) was John Barrymore, a charming high-liver who hardly remembered he had a daughter until she was about seventeen, and then he was a little bored by her. Mama and Daddy were divorced. The Barrymore name opens a career for Diana (Dorothy Malone) and takes her to Hollywood and the gloomy castle of her increasingly alcoholic dad. She tries to reform him. No go. When he dies she marries a young actor (Efrem Zimbalist, Jr.) and fails again. He is followed by a sadistic tennis-player (Ray Danton) and then by another actor, an alcoholic (Edward Kemmer). By this time she too is having a brandy for breakfast, and is in no condition to work. Down, down Dorothy goes and when she wakes up it's in a hospital. Then she starts thinking.—WARNERS.

THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA

Felipe Pazos
Spencer Tracy
Harry Bellaver

■ In this film adapted from Ernest Hemingway's prize-winning novel, nature and man meet in a moving drama. Man's kinship with—and his struggle against—nature are expressed in a simple story about an old fisherman (Spencer Tracy) and the sea. Tracy lives alone in a Cuban fishing village. He has but one friend, a young boy (Felipe Pazos) who loves and admires him. But Felipe can't fish with him any more, because Tracy has not

caught a fish in eighty-four days and the villagers scorn him. One morning before dawn, Tracy pushes off into the sea, alone, with nothing but a jug of water and his fishing lines. Far out, he puts down his lines . . . and a monstrous fish is lured by the bait! But Tracy is not the fisherman he once was. For three days the fish pulls the skiff further out to sea and all of Tracy's strength, faith and pride are called into the battle. Finally the fish—a marlin weighing more than 1,500 pounds—is harpooned and lashed to the skiff. But on the way home sharks attack and strip it to the bone. The old man has failed, but he has failed in a magnificent attempt that wins him the villagers' respect . . . for he failed only because he was old and went out too far—and was alone. It is a movie of classic beauty.—WARNERCOLOR, WARNERS.

CRY TERROR

a thrill a minute

James Mason
Rod Steiger
Inger Stevens
Neville Brand
Kenneth Tobey

■ James Mason is tinkering around in his electrical shop when he comes up with a marvelous little gadget, a powerful explosive no bigger than your thumb. His wartime buddy (Rod Steiger) asks him to make up some samples for the government. How was Mason to know that Steiger was a lunatic? Steiger's plan is to interest an airline company into giving him half-a-million dollars to stop planting bombs in its planes. So now Mason, his wife (Inger Stevens) and their little daughter are kidnapped by Steiger and his sadistic little trio (sex-fiend Neville Brand, tiger-lady Angie Dickinson and just plain Jack Klugman) and forced to cooperate. Steiger's so clever that the airline company has half-a-million bucks ready for Inger to bring home to Steiger. But don't think Mason's just twirling his thumbs in his prison penthouse. He's busy escaping from Angie and Jack. And Inger's busy escaping from Steiger and Brand. And the FBI is pretty busy, too. It's quite a thriller.—MGM.

RECOMMENDED FILMS NOW SHOWING

SOUTH PACIFIC (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): A big three-hour film, in a fascinating new color process. This is the familiar Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, starring Mitzi Gaynor as the young Navy nurse and Rossano Brazzi as the older man she finds a new life with. Songs you know and love and exciting dances.

MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR (Warners): Natalie Wood plays a nice Jewish girl whose mother expects her to marry a good catch. Instead, she falls in love with an ex-boy wonder (Gene Kelly) who composes beautiful music but doesn't want to get married. Even Uncle Ed Wynn cannot save the situation. Gene almost succumbs to the respectable life, and Natalie almost succumbs to his way of life, but at the end everyone is sadder though wiser.

10 NORTH FREDERICK (CinemaScope, 20th-Fox): Gary Cooper is a well-to-do lawyer, aiming to be a good husband and father—and the president of the United States. He doesn't manage any of these, but makes a good try. Diane Varsi is his unhappy daughter, and Suzy Parker is her roommate who brings a bittersweet love to his middle age.

ST. LOUIS BLUES (Paramount): Here's a big treat for anyone who loves rhythm-and-blues. It's the life story of W. C. Handy (Nat 'King' Cole), who wrote the title song and many others. Eartha Kitt, Mahalia Jackson and Pearl Bailey are wonderful to hear.

THE GODDESS (Columbia): Kim Stanley gives a shattering performance of a little girl, lonely and rejected, who grew up to realize her dream of being a glamorous movie star. On the way up, everyone gets hurt, including Kim. Steve Hill and Lloyd Bridges play her husbands, and Betty Lou Holland is excellent as her mother, aging from a frivolous, pretty young woman to a tight-lipped unmoving religious fanatic.

even roses
will turn green
with envy



Now...a fluid make-up that's **streak-proof!** Looks petal perfect every time!

Here, at last, is a fluid make-up so easy to apply it glides on smoothly, perfectly every time. So smoothly, even a rose will envy your new, petal perfect complexion. Max Factor's Hi-Fi never streaks, never looks at all "made-up." That's because it's not watery or greasy like ordinary make-ups.

Its featherlight texture actually blends the instant it touches your skin. Suddenly your complexion is lighted with a radiant, rose petal finish. And every little flaw seems to melt away. Now, in 8 flattering Hi-Fi skin tones, \$1.75 plus tax.

For a "Try Size" send your skin tone (fair, ivory, medium, ruddy, olive or tan) and 25¢ to Max Factor, Dept. HM, P.O. Box 941, Hollywood 28, California.



Max Factor's
hi-fi Fluid Make-up

TRY THOUGH SHE DID, LANA COULD NOT PROTECT CHERYL... TOO MANY FATHERS, TOO MUCH TROUBLE CREATED THE INEVITABLE TRAGEDY.

We're asking you to do this even though we don't even know what you think of Cheryl today—whether you believe she is a heroine or a fool, a credit to her age or a disgrace to you all.

We believe she is none of those things—not really.

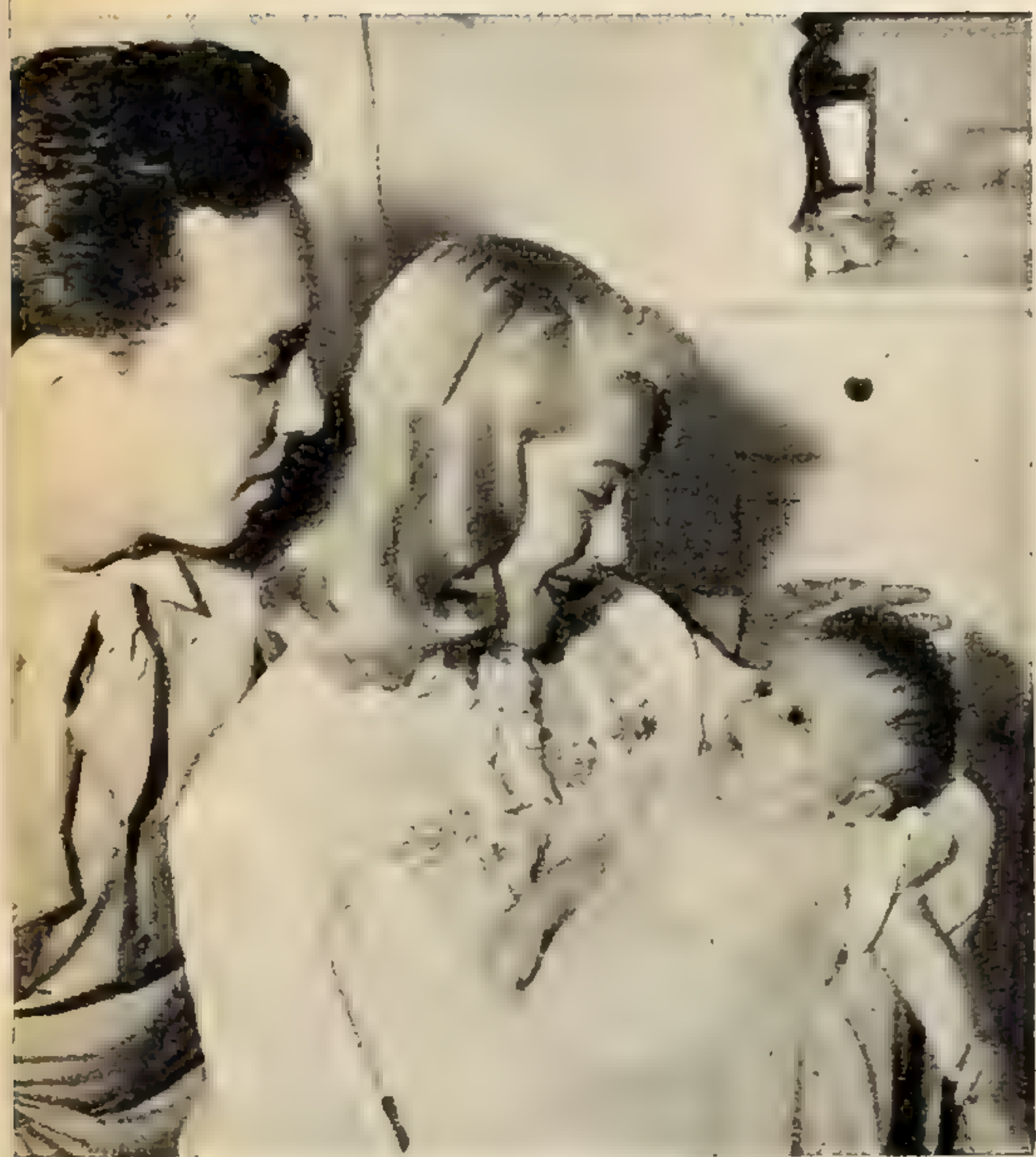
We believe she is a kid who doesn't need the support, the praise, the blame of grown-ups, parents, teachers. We believe she is a kid who needs *you* today, as no one has ever needed you; you who are her age, of her world—to tell her she can live again.

Will you do that for her?

You see—you've been so lucky. She hasn't.

Otherwise—it might have been you.

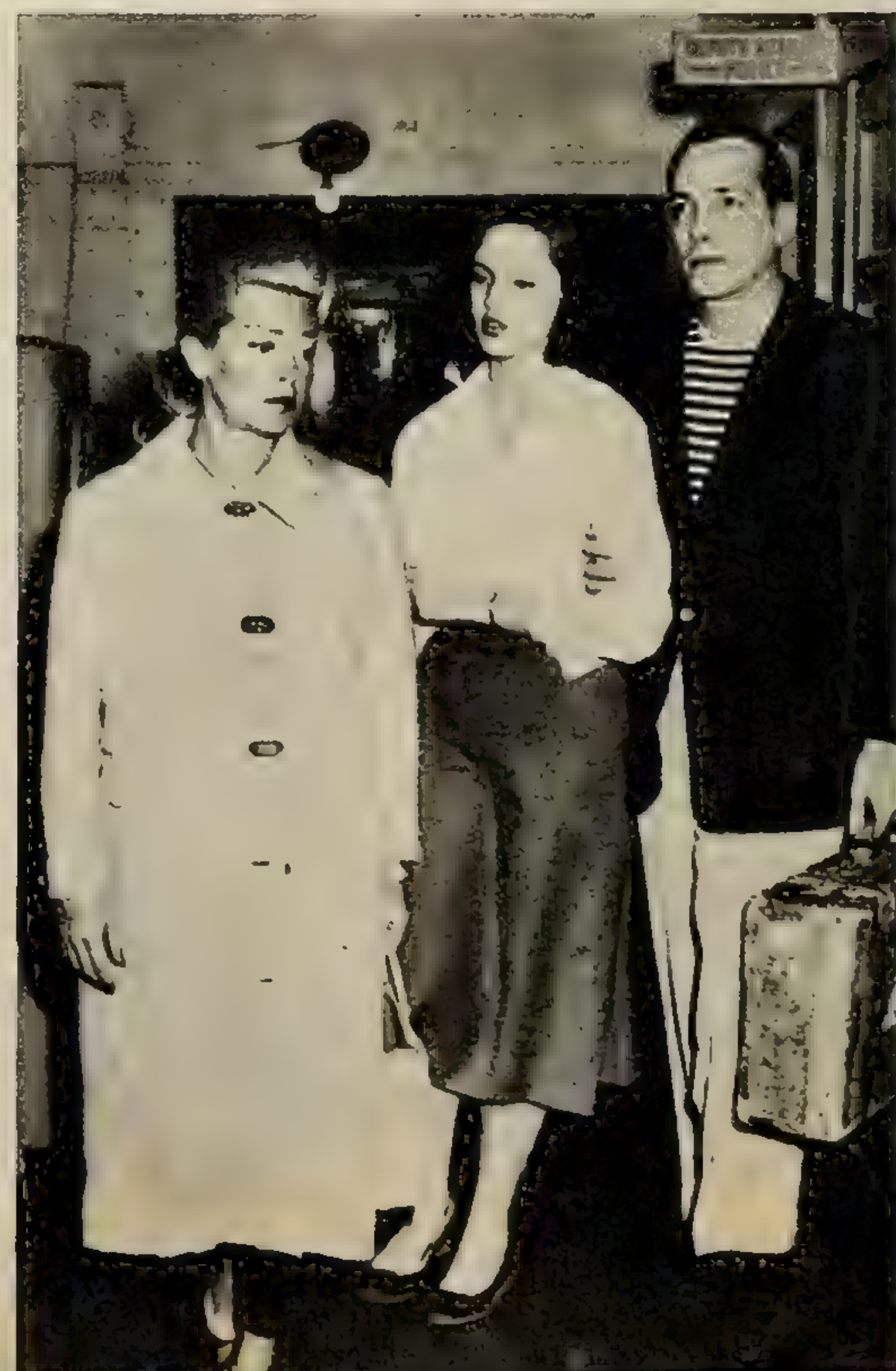
Cheryl was born in 1944. Maybe you were, too—or a couple of years sooner, a couple of years later. It doesn't matter. Whenever it was, you've surely heard stories about the time just before your birth, when your parents (*Continued on page 66*)



Her parents had been divorced and would be again . . . and Cheryl was only eight weeks old.



Left Then she had a new father, Bob Topping; but Cheryl couldn't get along with him. **Above** Her next father was Lex Barker, and Cheryl—and Lana—had a happy life with him . . . while it lasted. **Right** Soon after, her real father had to pick her up at the police station . . . and send her back to her mother.





Childhood—and the joys of being young—were behind Cheryl already. Instead, she was going to grown-up parties . . . and living with the grown-up fears that brought death to Johnny Stompato—and heartbreak to the mother she killed for. . . .



Hope
was scared,
but
Don was
gentle
and patient...

Love takes a long, long time

The first thing Don Murray noticed about Hope Lange was her legs.

In an academic way, of course. There wasn't the slightest reason in the world for him to notice anything at all about her, much less care.

In the first place, she wasn't his date; she was with the other guy on the double date, and Don was with a cute kid named Carry. In the second place, he was already in love—and it wasn't even with Carry; it was with a still cuter kid who was in California, thinking over his pro-

posal. And in the third place, as if all that wasn't enough, this Hope Whatever-her-name-was was an infant of seventeen, a good five years younger than Don.

And nobody ever accused Don Murray, up-and-coming young star of *The Rose Tattoo*, Broadway's biggest hit, of cradle-snatching!

All in all, he paid very little attention to her that night. They went back to Roddy McDowall's apartment where Don was bunking for a while, and while he made scrambled eggs and (Continued on page 77)

by Barbara Mayer





WHICH
KIND
OF
MARRIAGE
DO
YOU
WANT?

*One
blood,
one
flesh...*

"The Siamese Twins" is what their friends call Natalie and Bob these days, and Mr. and Mrs. Wagner don't mind a bit.

Because as far as they're concerned, when the minister intoned, "Whom God hath joined together . . ." those words meant *together* in everything: every moment, every activity, every joy—and every chore.

For instance. . . .

A short while ago Bob and Natalie came down the stairway of their Beverly Hills apartment, hand in hand, followed by their friend Barbara Gould and Natalie's sister Lana.

There was a brief but touching good-bye scene as Bob embraced his bride tenderly before he got into the Chevrolet Corvette with Lana, and Natalie and Barbara sank into her Cadillac. Five minutes later, Bob came to a stop at the rear entrance of (Continued on page 71)



Two separate free souls...

"Many people have a wedding," Janet Leigh said just after celebrating her seventh anniversary of marriage to Tony Curtis, "but few have a marriage. . . . I think we do." Then she promptly admitted, "We didn't when I became Mrs. Tony Curtis. It took us years. . . ."

Years of living together—and remembering always that marriage was a union of *two* people who loved each other . . . *two* people who learned they could be happiest by remaining two individuals.

Their marriage started about three months after that June day when Tony carried Janet over the threshold of their suite at the Waldorf in New York City. Those first months they'd been on their model behavior, trying to continue the honeymoon atmosphere. Whatever one suggested, the other one agreed to willingly, enthusiastically—if he or (Continued on page 72)



MEET Frankie Avalon

The little guy with the great big heart!



*Sometimes he seems to
blow his heart out. . . .*

"Lots of these kid singers," an old music man was grumbling the other day, "they make one hit record and maybe a movie and then right away they learn to curse and drink and stay up late, and at seventeen and eighteen they try to act as if they're pushin' thirty."

From what we'd heard recently, we had to agree.

Then we met Frankie Avalon.

Some people have described him as the Saint of Rock 'n' Roll. Others have said he's the nicest kid

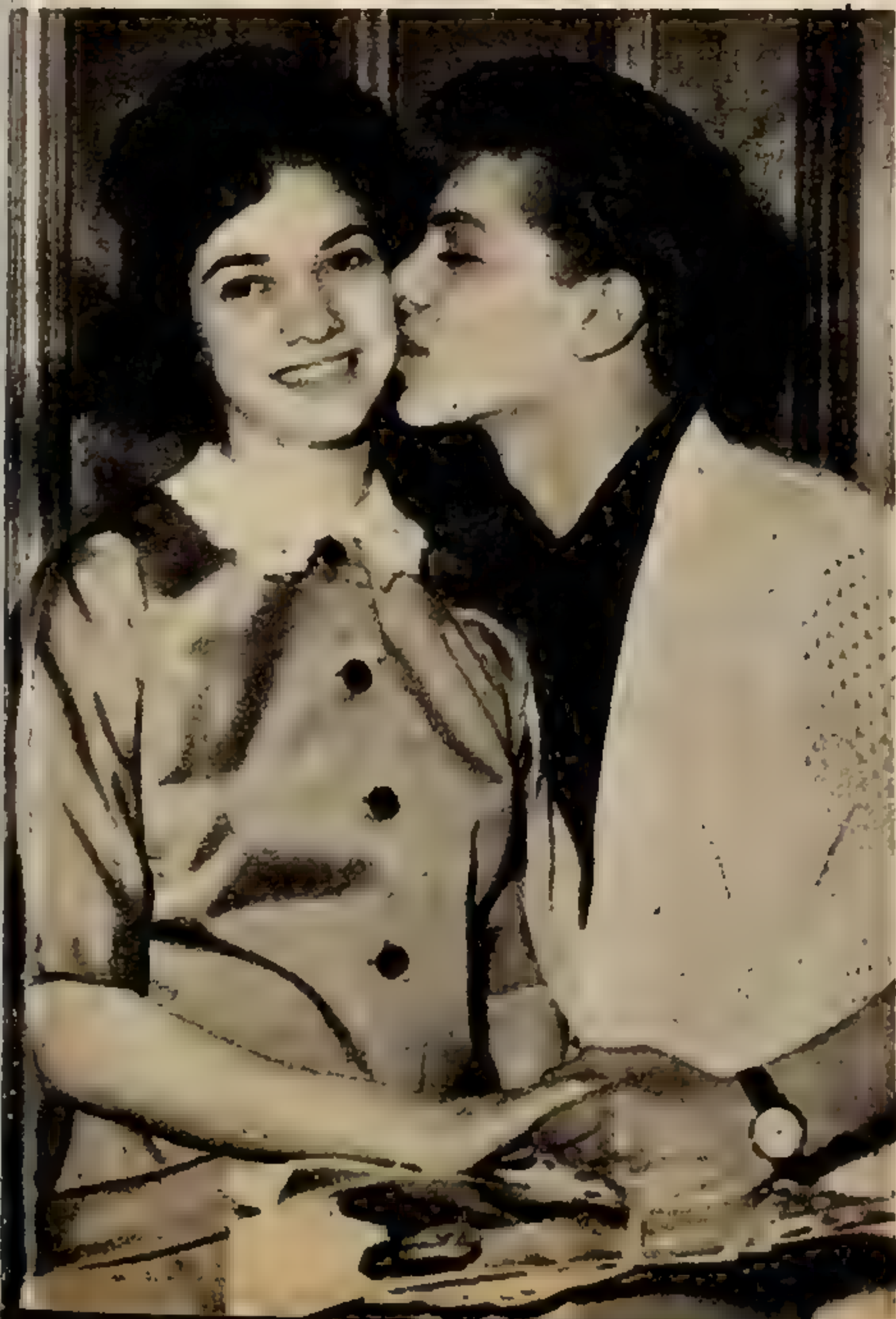
to hit the business in twenty years.

We have a hunch they may be right.

Why?

Well, let's start way back, that day nine years ago when Frankie was all of nine, the day his mother took him to the tailor shop where she worked to see the beat-up boxer.

"Frankie wanted to be a prizefighter ever since he was born, I think," (Continued on page 73)



*Sometimes he seems
to give his heart
away, here to
Marie Ochuida,
president of his
fan club. . . .*

*But Frankie's heart
is always whole
and full of love for
his home, his family. . . .*





The story Carolyn Jones never told before

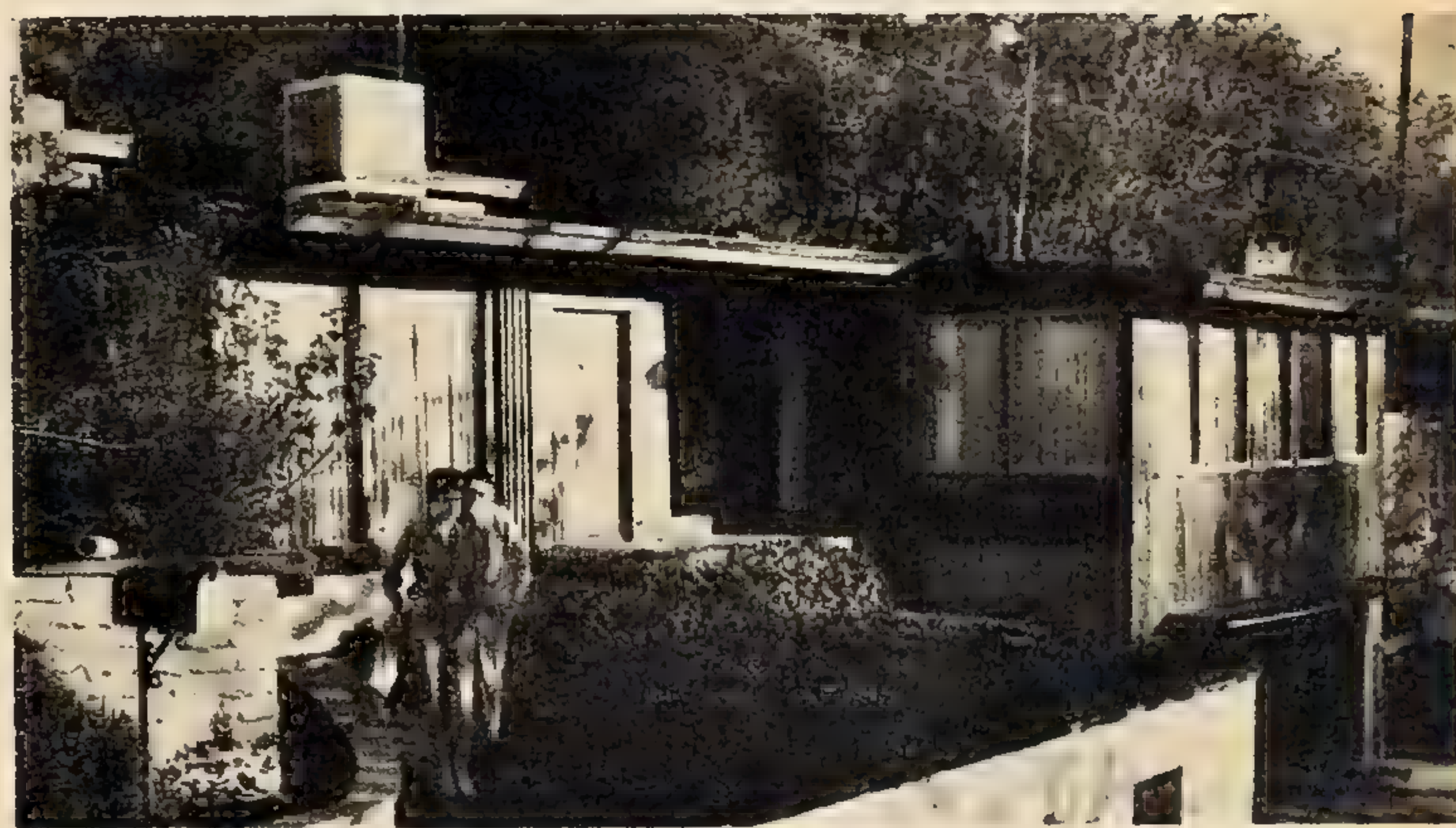
THEY CALLED ME "HALF-BREED"

Carolyn Jones has gone on the warpath over and over again—to conquer hatred . . . hunger . . . death . . . sorrow. . . .

The first fight started long before her name appeared on the Academy Award nominations list for *Bachelor Party* and *No Down Payment*; it started just about the time she was old enough to know what the word half-breed meant. It ended when, *literally*, she almost scalped a schoolmate with a penknife!

People in the Panhandle—where Carolyn was born twenty-five years ago—had no love for Indians. There were still too many grandfathers around Amarillo, Texas, with an arrow scar, or a tale of death at the hands of whooping Plains Indians—Apaches and Comanches. The Indians still around when Carolyn was born were despised and looked down on as poor and shiftless. Indian blood was considered a taint. And Carolyn Sue Jones was one-eighth Indian . . . a descendant of the great Indian chief Geronimo.

So, all through elementary school and the first years of high, she couldn't walk down the halls without collecting every taunt in the book. The kids called her *Redskin* . . . *Squaw* . . . *Papoose*. . . . They patted their mouths when she passed, and hooted *Woo-woo-woo-woo*. They tripped her, pushed her face into the (Continued on page 79)

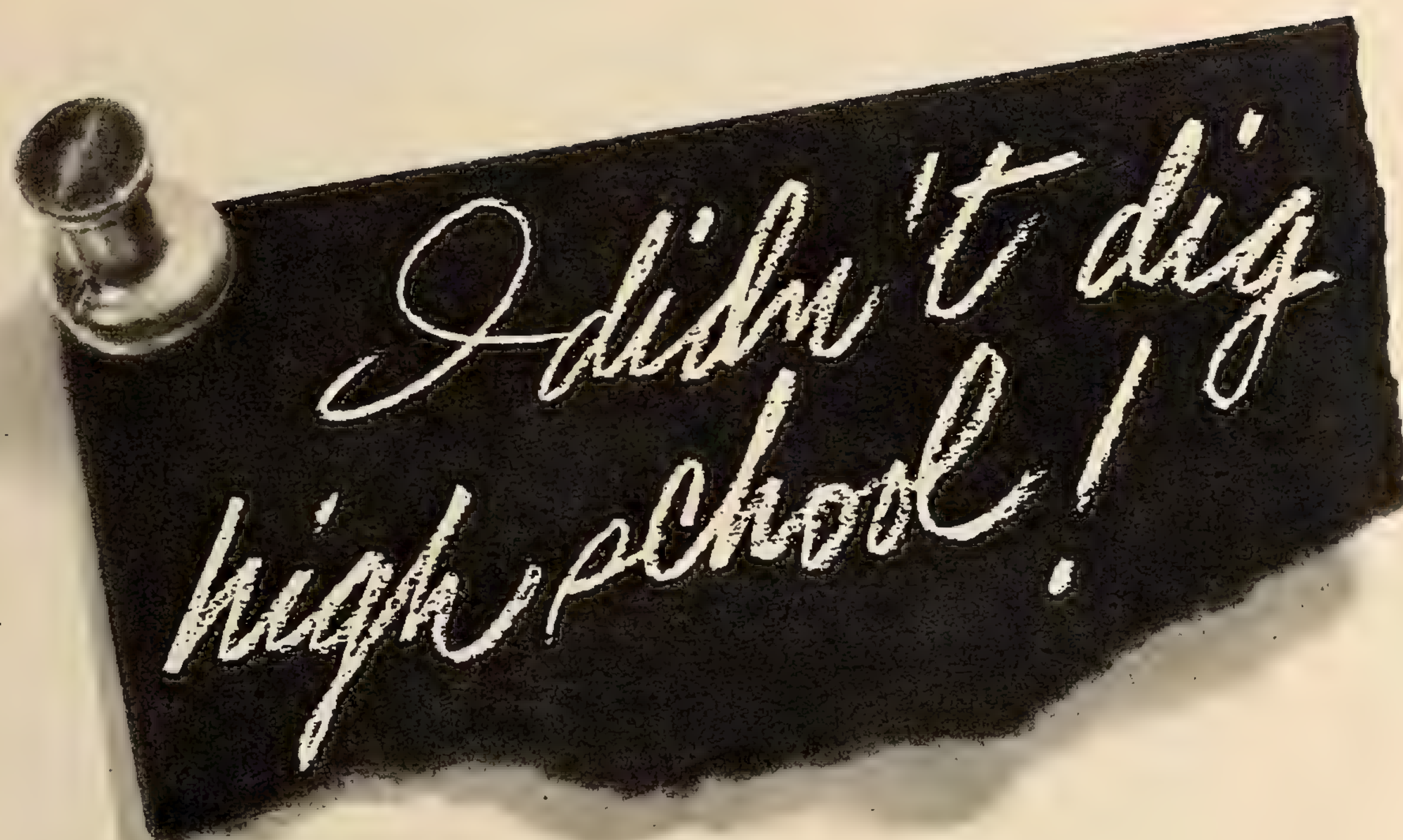


Mr. and Mrs. Aaron
Spelling, at home—
and at peace. . . .





TOMMY SANDS CONFESSES:



The English teacher cleared her throat for the big announcement. "This morning's exercise will be to write—in full—the lovely Shakespearean sonnet you all memorized over the week end."

After she'd shushed a unanimous groan from the students, she sat back in her chair and watched to see that none of them pulled any of their old tricks—like cheating, to be exact—and that they all sat there and concentrated the way proper high school sophomores should.

She was, it turned out, particularly impressed this morning by the concentration being shown by that new boy—the nice-looking, skinny one named Thomas Sands—who sat way at the end of the fifth row. He'd only been in school for two weeks now and while he'd been a little difficult at the beginning—always late, for one thing; his homework always only *half-done*, for another—he seemed, suddenly, to be showing a nice spurt of interest in his studies.

And it pleased the teacher to see Mr. Sands sitting there, all engrossed in his work, printing the great English poet's immortal words with so much care, closing his eyes hard, then popping them open suddenly, writing, then erasing, then writing again, obviously so careful to get all the punctuation just so, to present a paper he would be proud of.

It pleased the teacher, too, that young Mr. Sands had come to cope with his problem of the past two weeks, and so quickly.

The problem had been a simple one. Sands was a poor boy in a rich man's school. He'd arrived in Houston, Texas, from Chicago with his mother a little less than a month before and, as luck would have it, they'd managed to find a nice, inexpensive apartment in one of those sections of town that actually had very few low-rent rooming houses and that was made up mainly of big-lawn private houses, all, it seemed, owned by doctors, lawyers and (Continued on page 59)



SPECIAL 16 PAGE BONUS STORY

SO MANY
JOYS...
SO MANY
TEARS...

• • • The story of a
woman who could no longer face life,
who thought no man alive
could revive her heart so very, very long dead....



*Little Mike Wilding Jr.
was used to the sound
of angry voices . . . the sight
of Mommy in tears*

Our story begins two years ago . . . two years and two hours before Elizabeth Taylor met Mike Todd. . . .

Then Liz was at the end of her rope. All meaning had gone out of her life and day dragged along after day, with no end, no happiness in sight. She felt as if her nerves were so much on edge that if she went to the party she'd been invited to that night she would probably break down in the middle of it, as she had one terrible night a couple of weeks earlier, and begin to cry helplessly in the middle of a crowded room.

As she sat alone now on an easy chair near the window of her half-dark bedroom, staring at the wall, she heard the angry footsteps of her husband, Michael Wilding, rushing up the stairs on his way to the guest room that had recently become *his* room. He was getting his hat and coat, she knew, and would soon be out and away for the rest of the night.

She began to cry as she remembered the scene with him in the dining room only half an hour ago, the argument—that she knew was as much her fault as his—and the awful moment midway during the argument when their small son, Michael Jr., had come toddling into the room to ask *what's wrong, Mommy? what's wrong, Daddy?* and Liz' realization when it was over that her marriage to Michael Wilding was over too, really over, all wrapped up with black sorrowful ribbon and glued together with tears.

She would never love again; she wouldn't know how. Would she ever really live again? Sitting there in the half-darkness she began to cry—and eventually she cried herself to sleep.

And the night seemed over, as everything seemed over for Liz.

But actually the night, at least, was just beginning. . . .

A couple of hours later, she walked into the nightclub. She hadn't wanted to come. She'd fallen asleep. Her fatigue and her tears had been good to her and had allowed her to close her eyes and forget everything for a while. But then the others had driven up to the house, laughing and blowing the car horn, over and over. And finally Liz, who'd tried to send them away without her, realized she didn't have the strength to keep saying *no* and so she'd gotten dressed and joined them and now she was here.

She walked to her table looking around the crowded nightclub, but not really seeing anyone or anything. She sat on the chair someone pulled out for her and locked her fingers together, hard.

The people at her table immediately, thankfully, became interested in one another's jokes and laughter and left her alone.

A few people from some other tables nearby came over to say *hello* and Liz looked up at them and nodded and said *yes* and *no* to their questions,

not caring that she was being rude, that they would leave her soon and go back to their tables wondering what was wrong with this girl, what was becoming more and more wrong with her.

And then he came over.

She'd been sitting there for the past half hour telling herself that the big room was too hot and noisy, that she didn't know why she'd come in the first place and that she wanted to get up and leave—when he came and plunked himself beside her. "I'm Mike Todd," he said, smiling a mile-wide smile.

Liz nodded. "How do you do?" she managed to say.

"And you're Lizzie Schwartzkopf, aren't you?" Mike asked, trying to pretend to be serious for a moment. He scratched his head. "It is Schwartzkopf, isn't it?" he asked, waiting for Liz to laugh. She didn't.

"All right," he said, trying again, "so you're Elizabeth Taylor and you're insulted I didn't know right off. Well, it happens I know you very well. In fact, my governess used to take me to see all your pictures when I was a kid." Again he waited for the laugh. Or at least the smile.

But, again, neither came.

A little uncomfortably, but undaunted, Mike reached for two glasses and a bottle of champagne.

"A little wine is good for the spirit," he said, staring at Liz while he poured. He stared so long he poured right over the rim of the glass.

Liz watched him roar as he mopped up the spillings with a napkin and then handed her the glass. "No, thanks," she refused.

"Come on," Mike said, "just a little. Come on."

Automatically, like a beautiful robot, she reached for the glass and took a sip.

"There," Mike said, smacking his lips and helping her enjoy it.

But Liz wasn't enjoying it and she laid down the glass.

Mike tried for a while longer, with the funny stories, the gags, the yaks, all the laugh-making paraphernalia he had at his fingertips.

But no matter what he said Liz didn't respond.

And then suddenly the mile-wide smile disappeared from Mike's face.

"Do you enjoy suffering alone?" he asked.

Liz looked into his eyes. They were blue eyes, she noticed suddenly, very blue and very strong. For a moment she thought these eyes might understand her, know her, suddenly know everything about her.

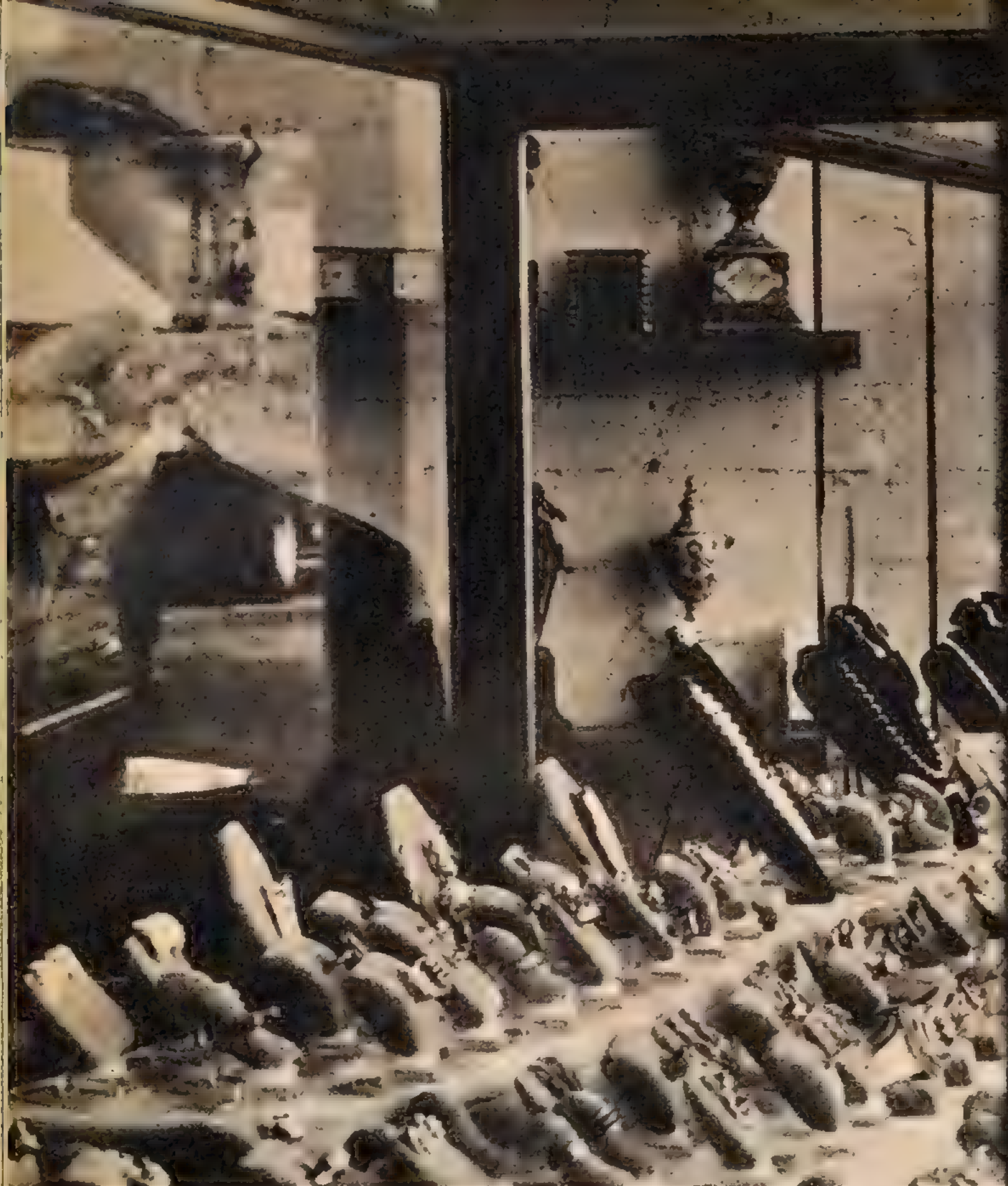
But then, just as suddenly, she told herself *no, no, they didn't understand . . . how could they understand?*

"Mr. Todd—" she started to say.

"I may be twice your age," Mike interrupted, "but the name is Mike."

*"A little wine is good for the spirit,"
Mike said to Liz,
"or do you enjoy suffering alone?"*





*Trinkets and gadgets,
baubles and jewels . . .
Mike would have given his life
to win Elizabeth Taylor*



"Mike," Liz said, her voice weary, "I really think I'd better be going."

"Why?" Mike asked.

"I can get a taxi," Liz said, avoiding the questions, "and I'll be home in a little while."

Mike looked around the table. The others were all gone now. They'd all gotten up to dance and he and Liz were alone.

"I'll be the only one here at the table," Mike said, looking back at Liz. "Won't you stay a little while and keep me company?"

"I'm afraid I can't," Liz said. She was about to get up.

"So you go suffer in your taxicab," Mike said, a strange sad look crossing his face, "and I'll sit here and suffer at the table. All right?"

This man who was supposed to be so funny and gay, she thought to herself—why did he say what he'd just said; why did he say it the way he had?

She started to say *no* again, too. But this time she found that she couldn't, that the simple little word wouldn't come out.

"Well, all right," she said instead, "but for just a little while. . . ."

Mike Todd faced the greatest challenge of his life when he set out to bring Liz Taylor, the woman he'd fallen immediately in love with, back to life. He started, a few nights after they met, by asking her out for dinner.

Liz said *yes* the first time. But then *no*, the second, third and fourth times.

Now he tried sending her gifts, all of them beautiful, all of them expensive. Liz returned every one of them.

One day he sent a bracelet, studded with what must have been a hundred diamonds. That day Liz phoned him.

"Mike," she said. "I can't accept this. It's wonderful, but—"

She listened to his interruption for a moment.

"Mike," she said, "look. I want you to stop this. I'm not good for this kind of thing any more. You're trying to make me fall in love with you and you don't deserve me, nor my troubles—not anything about me."

Again she listened.

"Please, Mike," she said, interrupting him now, her voice desperate, "please. I'm miserable. I feel all miserable and wilted inside. Please don't make me want to love again. Yes, we went out once. I enjoyed it. Maybe I enjoyed it too much. I don't know. But please don't make me want to love again. Not now. Not now. . . ."

She shook her head as he took over on the other end.

"No." she said.

"No."

"No."

"No."

She was about to hang up, when suddenly, as if she were afraid he might not call again, she cried out, "Mike? . . . all right . . . dinner . . . tonight . . . all right!"

Then she did hang up.

The next few months had a miraculous effect on Liz. The headaches that had been so frequent were now so rare. The spinal pains that had plagued her these last few years seemed to become less and less agonizing. And the barren, battered hurt in her heart was gone, wiped away by Mike and the hundred days and the thousand hours he'd spent with her.

She loved Mike Todd. And he loved her.

And he had asked her to be his wife when her divorce from Michael Wilding became final.

And what could be more beautiful?

Except tonight, as she sat there alongside Mike watching him play gin rummy with three of his cronies—while their wives sat talking on a couch on the other side of the room—the ugly doubt swept suddenly through her mind.

It was strange that it should come just now, while watching Mike puffing casually on his cigar, his sleeves rolled up, thinking about nothing more serious than what card to play next—strange in a way that it should have come at all.

But it came, and it came with a fury, this doubt of Liz! And as much as she tried to snap it from her mind, she couldn't.

I love him, yes . . . she thought, as she looked at him.

But . . . my husband-to-be?

There have been other husbands in my life.

Two.

And with both of them it was fine, before the wedding; not wonderful like this, but good enough, I thought.

But then, after, there was nothing.

Was there respect after a while?

No.

Was there love?

No.

What was there but fighting and crying and bitterness?

And why should it be different with you, Mike?

Why should it turn out to be any different with you if I'm still me and you're a man and it turned out so bad with the other two men I'd thought I loved?

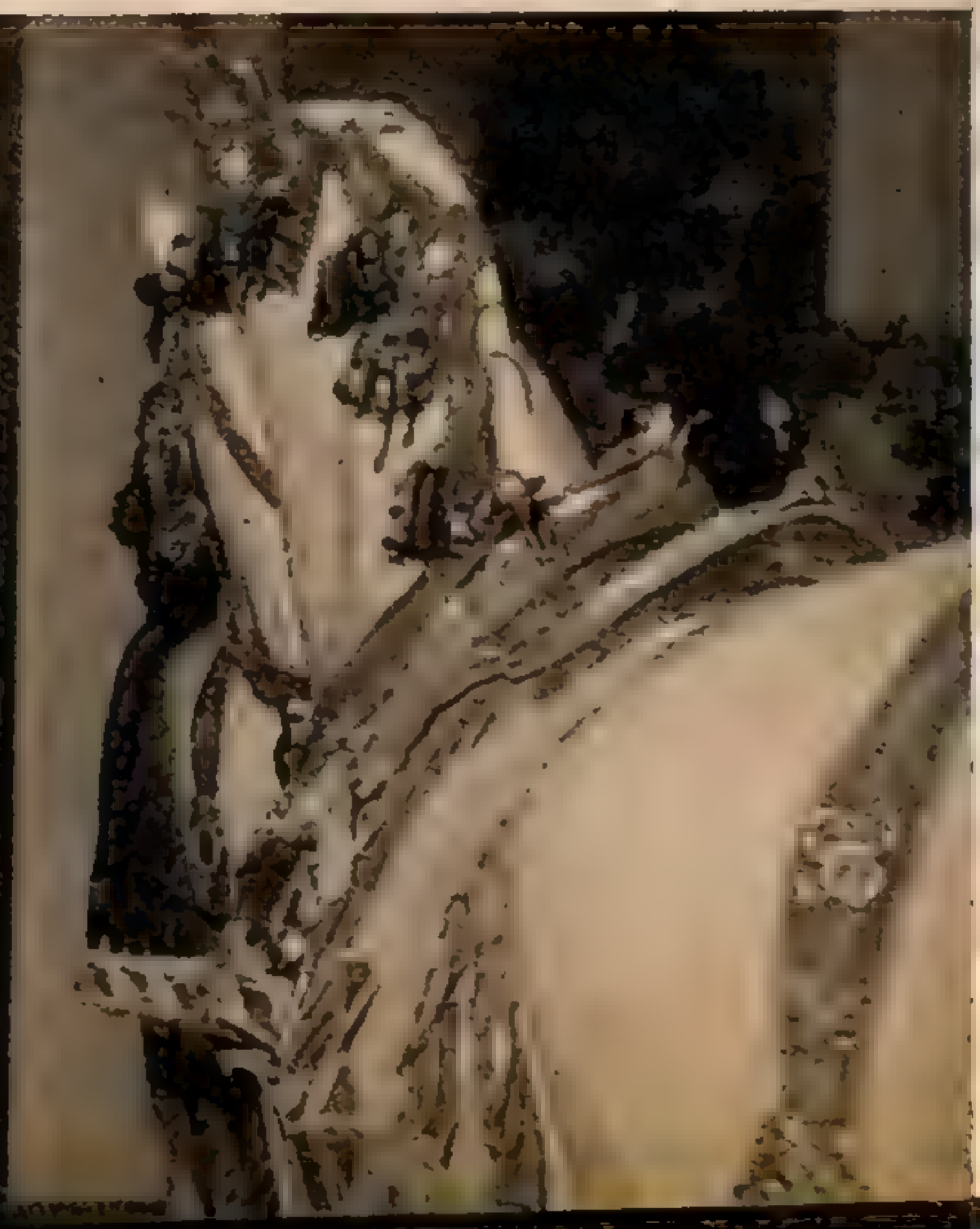
Why, Mike?



*She loved Mike Todd,
and he loved her;
but ugly doubts kept
sweeping through her mind.*



*The trip to Moscow
had been fun . . .
but now was the time
for big decisions.*



Why?"

The doubt kept pushing from within her brain, against her forehead, like an invisible knife trying to carve a warning on it, till finally the edge of the knife got sharper and sharper and sharper, and not able to stand it anymore, she said, "Mike, I'd like to leave."

"What, honey?" he asked, not looking up from his hand.

"I've got a headache, Mike," Liz said, "and I'd like to go home and go to bed."

"We've got to stay awhile," Mike said. "I'm not finished playing yet."

Liz' headache seemed to grow worse by the minute.

"Mike," she said, getting her dander up, "I'm saying that I want to leave."

"Yeah?" Mike asked, angry-sounding. "Well, I'm saying that you should shut up. You hear? Shut up!"

The room was suddenly very quiet as everyone stopped what they were doing and turned to look at Liz. For a moment she sat there rigid; then she stifled the tears that had begun to pour into her eyes.

Mike leaned over and reached for her hand.

"What's the matter honey?" he asked, "did I hurt your feelings?"

Liz shook her head.

"So what's the matter?" Mike asked.

But all Liz could do now was continue to shake her head.

The time would come, maybe, when she would tell Mike what she really felt at this moment—that there had been other men in her life who'd shouted at her, and she'd resented it and been hurt by it and been made furious by it; but when Mike had come along, she found she might resent it and might be hurt or furious, but she obeyed him, willingly, and had continued to sit there beside him and wait for as long as he wanted her to wait.

No, she couldn't tell him that now, not in front of all these people.

Maybe she would never tell him.

But she would always remember it, she thought to herself, for the years and years and years she would be Mrs. Mike Todd. . . .

They were exhausted. But that didn't stop them from smiling as they drove up the driveway and heard that old familiar crunch of gravel under the wheels of the car again, as they drove into the garage and smelled its old musty smell again, as they got out of the car and—leaving the baggage in the trunk till morning—held hands and walked back into the house.

The trip to Moscow had been fun. As had been the stops they'd made in Paris and London and New York and Chicago on the way home. But now, finally, they *were* home. And it felt good, so good.

Mike snapped on the living room light and Liz threw her arms around him.

"Happy homecoming, Mr. Todd," she said.

"Happy homecoming, Mrs. Schwartzkopf," he said back.

"Come on," Liz said then, excited, taking his hand and rushing him upstairs. It was after midnight and the children were all in bed. But there was no law saying that they couldn't be peeked at by the two people who loved them very much and had missed them very much these past three weeks.

First they went to peek at Liz' two handsome sons by Michael Wilding, Michael Jr. and Christopher, snug in their little twin beds next to the nursery.

Then they tip-toed over to the nursery itself for a good long peek at tiny Liza, their baby, named after her mother at Mike's insistence, seven months old now and all pink and pretty and fast asleep on her little round stomach.

And then Liz took Mike by the hand again and led him back downstairs.

"Some hot chocolate before we go to bed?" Liz asked.

Liz bounced into the kitchen and Mike stayed in the living room to get a fire started. When it was just right, he turned out the light.

A moment later Liz came in, carrying two steaming cups.

She put them on the cocktail table, then pulled him down on the rug alongside her, by the fire.

For a few minutes they sat there, saying nothing, just sipping their hot drinks and looking at one another, half their faces dark with shadow and the other half brightened beautifully by the flames.

"Mike," Liz whispered, trying to control her voice, her happiness, "I would like you to know I am the happiest woman on the face of the earth."

"Good for you," Mike said, trying to hide his own smile.

"I am home," Liz said.

"Uh-huh," said Mike.

"I am home with my husband and my children."

"Uh-huh."

"And I love being home. And I don't ever want to leave it again."

"This husband of yours," Mike reminded her, "he does a lot of traveling."

"I know, I know," Liz said, putting down her cup and snuggling close to him. "And where you are, Mike, that's home for me. . . . But I mean being back—it makes me want to *stay* with you and the children."

Ever since they'd been married, Mike had been trying to talk Liz into giving up her career in pictures. And always she'd said *no*. And now he had a hunch about what she was leading up to.

"You want to quit the business?" he asked, trying to be very casual about it.

"Yes, Mike," Liz said, emphatically, joyously. "I've had the business. I've had being away ten, eleven hours a day from you, from the children,



*Maybe it was old-fashioned of Liz,
but all she wanted now
was to stay home and be Mike Todd's wife
and the mother of his children.*

*On the morning
of March 21
Liz woke up with
a cold, and kissed
Mike goodbye—
forever . . .*



taking quick holidays between pictures, having to get back in time so I can get back—to what? To what?

“Well,” Mike said, “you’ve got a picture that starts rolling next month.”

“I’ll do that,” Liz said. “And then I want to do one for you. I want to make one wonderful, sign-off, farewell performance—for you. . . .”

For the next half hour they sat and talked about just how wonderfully different everything would be now that Liz had decided to give up her career, once and for all.

“Think, Mike,” Liz said at one point, “I’ll be able to learn to cook, finally, and I won’t burn steak anymore or make the French fries too crisp anymore. . . .”

“And, Mike,” she said, “there’s another thing. The baby. I’d like to tell the nursemaid tomorrow—that will give her *plenty* of time to find another job—that as soon as I’ve finished the picture, I want to take care of Liza, just me. Is that all right, Mike? Is that all right with you?”

Mike didn’t even have a chance to say *yes*.

Because Liz already had her arms around him again, and she began to kiss him again.

“I’m a woman now, Mike,” she cried, kissing him. “I’m alive again and I’m a woman and I’m going to be even more of a woman to you from now on. You’ll see, my darling. You’ll see. . . .”

On the morning of Friday, March 21—about two weeks later—Liz woke up with a cold, what seemed to be a common cold.

By mid-afternoon her doctor told her it was worse than that, that she had a fever of 103 and that no, she couldn’t go along with Mike on his important week-end trip to New York in their new private plane, the *Lucky Liz*.

That night at eleven o’clock, Liz kissed Mike good-bye and told him to take care and to hurry back.

And a few hours later, the *Lucky Liz* crashed in the mountains near Grant, New Mexico, and Mike was suddenly dead.

Liz sat in the living room, waiting for the car from the studio to come pick her up. A few days before Mike had been killed, she’d started work on what she’d planned would be her next-to-last picture . . . the one before her absolute last one . . . with Mike. . . . Now, this Monday morning, a week and a half after the funeral, she was ready—or as ready as she would ever be—to get back to work.

She sat alone now, waiting for the car. She looked tired from crying all day and all night all those long, long days since she’d heard the un-



*Suddenly there was no
place to go but back . . .
to the big, lonely world
of Elizabeth Taylor.*

believable news about Mike. And her eyes—those big purple eyes Mike had always bragged about—were red and weary-looking.

But Liz, finally, had made herself stop crying. She knew, as people had told her, that this was the way Mike would have wanted it—her going back to work as soon as possible . . . that Mike was a showman; that Mike would be the first to remind her that nothing must ever stop a show from going on.

So she sat alone now, waiting.

And then after a while there were footsteps and little Liza's nursemaid came rushing from upstairs on her way to the kitchen to fetch something.

The woman stopped short when she saw Liz.

"Do you really feel well enough to go to the studio today, Mrs. Todd?" she asked, concerned. "Yes, thank you," Liz said, nodding slightly.

The nursemaid was on her way again when Liz asked her to wait.

"I told you a couple of weeks ago," Liz said, softly, "that I wouldn't need you any more after the first of July. If—if you haven't made any other plans, I'd like you to stay on to help me take care of the baby."

"Of course," the woman said.

"I don't know," Liz said, "but I may be starting another picture soon. . . ."

"Of course," the woman said again.

At that moment, the doorbell rang. Liz knew it was the chauffeur from the studio come to pick her up.

She reached for a coat and went to the door.

"Hello, Mrs. Todd," the chauffeur said.

"Hello," she answered, unsmiling, her eyes blank as she walked slowly past him to the long black car that waited to drive her, the widow of Mike Todd, back to the big, lonely world of Elizabeth Taylor. . . . **END**

For you who have followed the course of Elizabeth Taylor's life for years through the pages of MODERN SCREEN, we have prepared a special magazine, an entire Dell publication devoted to the story of her thrilling romance and marriage with Mike Todd, and the tragedy that left her a widow at twenty-five. Called LIZ AND MIKE, it is on sale now at your newsstand—a beautifully written, profusely illustrated tribute to a great love. You'll treasure it always.

The Editor

I didn't dig high school

(Continued from page 41) oil-well tycoons.

So it was kind of natural that on Tommy's first day of school he'd felt a little out of place when he was thrown in the midst of these big-shots' kids. Sixteen is a funny age, a sensitive one, and Tommy—just past sixteen at the time—got to feeling sensitive about a lot of things—like his six-dollar brown shoes instead of expensive white buck. And especially like what happened during the first lunch period in the cafeteria when a few of the fellows in his home class had come over to the table to talk for a while, and one of them had asked Tommy what college he planned to go to after school and Tommy told them he had no plans for college, that he wanted to be a singer and a songwriter. And then another fellow had bluntly asked Tommy about his parents and Tommy had said very honestly that his folks were divorced, that his dad was a musician and that his mom had just got a job as a saleslady over at Foley's department store. After that the fellows hadn't hung around very long.

This had all affected Tommy pretty badly. And so, in just two short weeks, he seemed to have lost all interest in school—that is, up until this particular morning when his English teacher noticed him sitting hard at work on Shakespeare.

All's well that ends well, she thought as she looked down at her watch and noticed

DIRECTION: A veteran Hollywood director said to some novices: "In movies the three most difficult things to direct are (1) children, (2) animals and (3) Charles Laughton."

Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post

suddenly that ten minutes had passed.

"Time," she called.

It was when she got to the head of the fifth row that she noticed that one of her students was still writing.

"Thomas Sands," she called out, "time!"

But Tommy didn't seem to hear her.

"Mr. Sands," she bellowed, "did you hear the assignment correctly?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Tommy.

"As I recall," the teacher said, "the sonnet begins:

*'Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?'*"

"That's correct, Ma'am," said Tommy.

"Then from which poem of Shakespeare," she asked coldly, "are these the first lines?"

*'I know a gal named Linda Sue,
The most sugar-coated chiclet you ever
knew.'*"

The class roared with laughter.

No place for talent

"Well?" the teacher demanded, shushing them down and facing Tommy again.

"I . . ." Tommy started to say, "I was sitting here, Ma'am, and paying close attention, when all of a sudden I got this idea for a song and—"

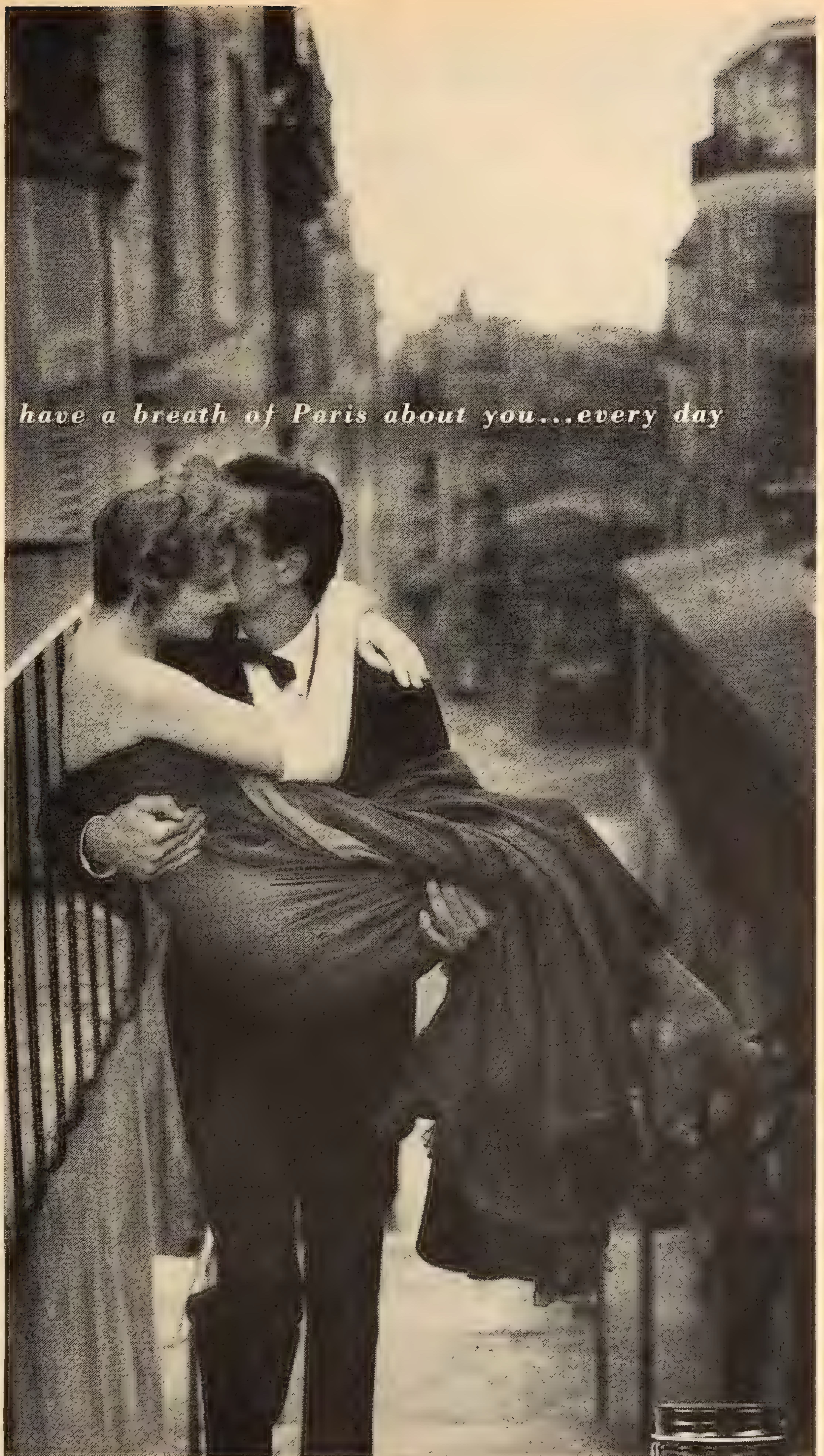
"A song?"

"I like to write songs," Tommy explained, softly.

The teacher nodded and at the same time reached for Tommy's pencil. "And this," she said, "is what I like to write on the papers of inattentive students."

Then she scrawled a big, fat F right over the lyrics.

Just to make things worse, Tommy had a little folded-up (Continued on page 61)



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Discover the only deodorant in all the world that does *everything* a good deodorant *should*, gives dawn-to-dawn protection, and *then* imparts an irresistible glamour by surrounding you with the fabulous fragrance of Evening in Paris. Makes you so nice to be near! Try it tonight.

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STAY AS YOUNG AS YOU ARE

Rules for summer skin care
Tips on the new look in make-up
News about hot weather fashions

Exciting Janet Leigh—whom you will soon see co-starring in the Kirk Douglas Production, *The Vikings*, a United Artists release—is our choice of a glamorous young wife, career girl and mother, who keeps the youthful beauty of her teens. Janet is a challenging example to every girl to make a determined effort to always retain the enviable look of youth. Beauty begins with an exquisite skin—clean, clear and glowing. To have a beautiful skin is not enough; it must be cared for—always. The skin care rules of the Hollywood stars are sure-fire, speedy and successful. The time to start the routines of skin care is now—when you (Continued on page 70)

Photo by Hesse Studios, Embree



I didn't dig high school

(Continued from page 59) note thrown on his desk a few minutes later by one of the fellows sitting somewhere on his right:

That's F for Foul-up, hah hah!

Tommy looked around, trying to catch the eye of the guy who'd written it. But suddenly all eyes were back at the front of the classroom, and till this day Tommy doesn't know who flung the encouraging little passage at him.

"It hurt," says Tommy, thinking back. "I guess when you look back a lot of those little things aren't important anymore. But at the time... they were tough to take...."

Tommy's big ambition

Then there was that coach at school, the one who gave him the toughest and—as he says—the most heart-breaking time he's ever had.

This all centered around football and the then-biggest wish in Tommy's life: to make the school team.

Earlier, as a kid—both in Chicago and Shreveport, Louisiana, where Tommy had attended grammar and junior high schools, respectively—he'd had a big thing with athletics and had, in fact, made quite a reputation for himself in basketball.

But football was always his number-one love, and every night he'd pray to God to make him big and heavy by the time he got to high school, just so he could play.

Well, God at the time was busy making some pretty big plans for one young Tommy Sands—but unfortunately, for the moment at least, they had nothing to do with filling out his skinny little frame.

And so, when Tommy got to Houston and second-year high, he weighed all of 108.

But try is a big word with Tommy, and came the middle of that summer between junior and senior years and he got an idea.

"I knew that some of the fellows on the team were starting to practice early on their own, before school started," Tommy remembers, "and I thought that maybe if I went to practice with them I could show what stuff I had in me, despite my weight, and really impress the coach when he came back from vacation. That week end before school started and the coach came back I didn't think I could stand it, I was so excited to hear what he was going to say."

"What he said was, 'Who's that toothpick?'"

"And he said that if I wanted to, I could stick around as practice man."

"That's the guy who stands there during warm-ups while everybody else charges and tackles him!"

"At first, I felt pretty good about this—or, I should say, I tried to feel pretty good about it. But it was just about this same time that I started to do some local television work with my singing and my guitar, and I'd end up going on the air after an afternoon of practice with a split lip or two broken fingers, and I came to realize that I'd have to give up football."

"Believe me, it was the biggest disappointment of my life not being allowed to stay on the first-string team."

"And it hurt me, way down, for a long, long time...."

High school was nearly over with now, though, with just a little less than a year to go—but there was one phase of Tommy's troubles that was only just beginning.

It concerned a girl, a very pretty girl with long black hair and very blue eyes and with something about her that made Tommy flip, from the moment he first met her. But he was to have only heartbreak.

To begin with, she was rich. And, secondly, her parents didn't like the idea of their daughter dating the young singer from the rooming house down the avenue.

But the girl liked Tommy and Tommy

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Get a bottle today—be a blonde beauty tomorrow. Only \$1.50 plus tax for Light and Bright at cosmetic counters.



liked her and, because Tommy was doing more and more TV work now and managed for the first time to have some spending money, they went out lots, to the movies, to local snack bars for a hamburger and coke after the show, to the bowling alley not far from the school, driving in the used—"Real-used," Tommy laughs—'48 Hudson Tommy had saved to buy.

And, once in a while, they went to parties; small parties given by the few pals Tommy had made during the last couple of years, and big fancy parties given by the big fancy friends the girl had known all her life.

It was at one of these big parties that the trouble came.

Tommy and the girl had just walked into the house where the party was being given when a young wise-guy from school came walking up to them, put his hand on Tommy's shoulder and said, "I've just got to say *hello* to this big celebrity."

"I saw you on TV the other night," the wise guy went on, "and let me tell you, that makes you a celebrity. Why just look!" he pointed to Tommy's date. "You never would have stood a chance of going out with a girl like *her* before you—"

The bitter end

He never got a chance to finish, though. Tommy's fist shut him up—and a minute later Tommy and his girl found themselves standing outside the house, walking back to Tommy's Hudson, the girl saying not to worry, that everything was going to be all right; Tommy saying sure, sure, everything was going to be just fine.

But what Tommy feared—and was expecting—happened the next night.

He was out with his girl again, driving around, when the girl whispered, "I think you'd better take me back home, Tommy."

"Your parents found out... about last

night?" Tommy asked. "Yes," she said.

"I can't see you any more," she added.

Tommy knew there was no appeal to that verdict from her parents.

"But I want you to know, Tommy," the girl said, after a pause, "that when I'm older and it comes to looking back at senior year, at this time of my life... you're the person I'm going to remember."

"Senior year," Tommy sighed. "Man, I've got something to remember, too: Like some of the teachers being crazy about me. And the kids liking me so much...."

The girl put her hand on Tommy's arm. "You've learned one thing," she said, trying hard to keep back the tears. "I don't know if you learned it in school, Tommy, or at home—or if you were born with it. But somewhere you've learned what it is to be a gentleman... and this is the part of you I'll always remember."

"A gentleman?" Tommy asked.

"The nicest," the girl said. "You're a good person... a worthwhile person. And someday, Tommy, everyone will know."

Tommy continued staring at the road ahead....

Remember, Tommy? Remember those lonely days back in high school, those uncertain, empty days—when you were just a sad-hearted boy driving his best girl home for the last time one night, wondering if what she was saying about you being a good guy, a worthwhile guy, was true....

Tommy can't deny that he's gone places. The record proves that. But he may still have some doubts about those high school years that he didn't dig.

If he has, we just hope he gets to know some of the post-graduate impressions he's made in the last year or so.

We're sure he'll dig them fine.

END

Tommy is in MARDI GRAS for 20th-Fox. 61

For everyone who loves little people:

Jane Russell's
heart-warming
true-life story--

MY 4,003 CHILDREN

Jane Russell put out her finger and the beautiful, sad-faced baby grabbed it. "What's his name?" she asked the nurse.

"Klaus," the woman told her.

"Klaus," Jane repeated, looking at the baby again. She played around with the name a little. "Klausssss?" she asked, her voice shrill. Then low, like a foghorn: "Klauuuus . . . Klauuuus."

Slowly, the baby began to smile. He was beautiful, indeed, one of the most beautiful babies Jane had ever seen. And she'd seen hundreds of babies here in Europe during the past two weeks—in practically every orphanage in still-war-ravaged Italy, France and Germany; a few fat babies, lots of skinny babies, a

few happy babies, lots of sad babies, a few babies with rosy cheeks and energy in their little limbs, a lot of them sallow-skinned and sick and lying in their makeshift cribs twenty-four hours a day, barely moving, barely eating, knowing at even their young ages that nobody was ever going to come take them, that it would be like this—lonely and without love—forever.

"I'd love to have him," Jane said now about Klaus to the nurse at the last orphanage she was visiting in Frankfurt, Germany.

"He looks," the nurse said, "as if he shares your feelings."

Jane kissed the baby. Then she shot up from her knees. (Continued on page 76)





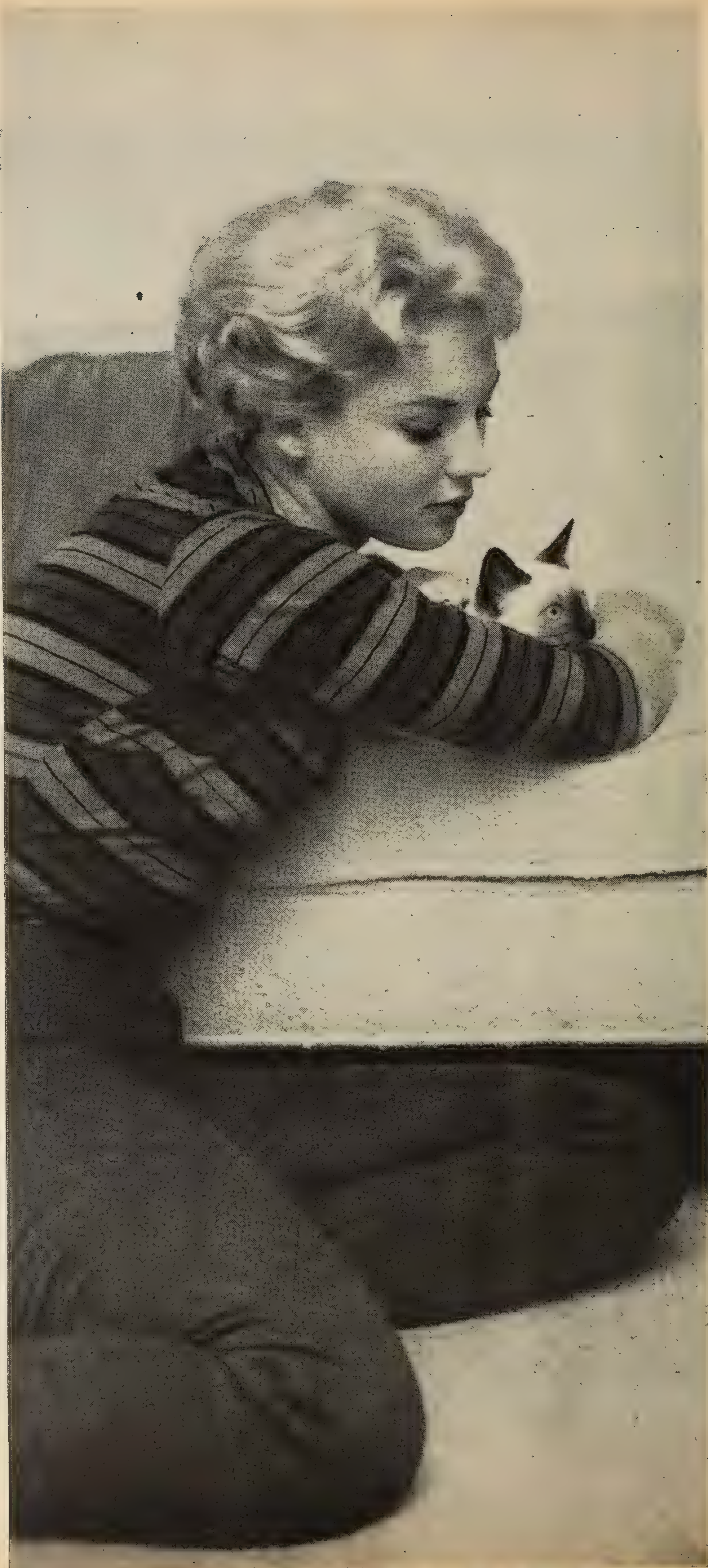
THIS IS THE ARTICLE

(April issue of Modern Screen)

**that started a storm
in Hollywood**



**And this is the sister Ven-
etia never admitted having
. . . the half-brothers she
never mentioned . . . the
mother whose heart is
breaking because of her
daughter's words. . . .**



AN OPEN LETTER
TO VENETIA STEVENSON
FROM HER MOTHER:

*“I can’t understand
why you want to hurt
me, darling”*

My dear Venetia,
I think the time has come to give my side of the story. . . .

Up until now I have refused to answer any attacks on me that have supposedly been made by you. However, there were some glaring discrepancies in the story you wrote for the April issue of MODERN SCREEN—

I’LL NEVER MARRY AGAIN

by Venetia Stevenson

I hope, Venetia, that you will believe me when I say that I would not willingly hurt you for the world. And I just cannot understand why you would want to hurt me.

Perhaps the reason is that you have been hurt by the failure of your own marriage, and that—maybe without even realizing it—instinctively you want to hurt someone else in return. And obviously your mother makes a most vulnerable target.

But blaming your broken marriage on your parents’ divorce—this is not a very brave attitude, Venetia, to

blame your mistakes on other people. I remember as a baby you’d trip over something, and you’d stamp your foot and say, “See what you made me do.”

In the past, Venetia, I have tried—and failed—to get across to you many important facts about us . . . about you and me as mother and daughter.

I’ve failed. . . .

I’m trying again, now, by taking your own words in MODERN SCREEN—and trying to clarify what seems to be exaggerated and built up from an imaginative childhood memory. Some of this childish misconception is not too unusual. I remember the entrance hall of my childhood home in England as tremendously large. When I returned as a grown-up, I was surprised to find it was of average size. . . .

Perhaps I can help you see yourself now, and then, in real-life size, by showing you the truth. . . .

Your words, Venetia, from the story you wrote: IF I SEEM TO FEEL SO STRONGLY ABOUT THE TERRIBLE RESULTS OF AN UNSUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE, IT’S (*Continued on page 81*)

\$100 for you!

Fill in the form below as soon as you've read all the stories in this issue. Then mail it to us right away because each of the following readers will get \$10—the one who sends us the first questionnaire we open; the 100th; the 200th; the 400th; the 600th; the 800th; the 1000th; the 1500th; the 2000th; the 3000th. Mail your ballot to: **MODERN SCREEN POLL, BOX 2291, GRAND CENTRAL STATION, N.Y. 17, N.Y.**

Please check the space left of the one phrase which best answers each question:

1. I LIKE DEBRA PAGET:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

2. I LIKE LANA TURNER:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

3. I LIKE HOPE LANGE:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I LIKE DON MURRAY:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

4. I LIKE NATALIE WOOD:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I LIKE BOB WAGNER:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

5. I LIKE JANET LEIGH:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I LIKE TONY CURTIS:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

6. I LIKE FRANKIE AVALON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him

I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

7. I LIKE CAROLYN JONES:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

8. I LIKE TOMMY SANDS:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with him
I READ: ☐ all of his story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

9. I LIKE LIZ TAYLOR:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

10. I LIKE JANE RUSSELL:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of her story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

11. I LIKE VENETIA STEVENSON:

☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I LIKE ANNA LEE:
☐ more than almost any star ☐ a lot
☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all
☐ am not very familiar with her
I READ: ☐ all of their story ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ super-completely ☐ completely ☐ fairly well
☐ very little ☐ not at all

12. I READ: ☐ all of LOUELLA PARSONS
IN HOLLYWOOD ☐ part ☐ none
IT HELD MY INTEREST: ☐ completely ☐ fairly well ☐ very little ☐ not at all

13. The stars I most want to read about are:

(1) _____	MALE	(1) _____	FEMALE
(2) _____	MALE	(2) _____	FEMALE
(3) _____	MALE	(3) _____	FEMALE

AGE NAME

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Here are the poll prize winners for April: Mary McCulloch, Chicago, Ill.; Margit Knudsen, Missoula, Montana; Irvin Winters, Torrance, Calif.; Mrs. Doris Alexander, Sanford, Fla.; Helen M. Smith, Rockville, Md.; Peggy Walsh, Philadelphia, Pa.; Grace Gains, Waterford, Calif.; Joan A. Tucher, Wilmington, Del.; Judy Page, London, Ontario, Canada; Bettie Burns, Valley Station, Ky.

here's how you can help cheryl

(Continued from page 30) knew you were on the way. How excited they were; how happy! And your father came home with a huge toy you wouldn't be able to play with for years; and your mother pored over names for her baby, while your grandmothers sewed curtains for the nursery and Sunday carriage covers. It was a time of rejoicing in your house.

But there wasn't much to rejoice about when Cheryl was on the way.

A baby—but no marriage

You see, her mother had just found out she was not legally married.

Maybe it was nobody's fault; maybe Steve Crane really believed his divorce had come through before he married Lana Turner; maybe his not-quite-ex-wife thought so too. It didn't make much difference to Lana whose fault it was.

All that mattered was that her first baby would be considered, by most of the world—an illegitimate child.

Heartless? Unjust? Yes. But people are like that, some of them. To prevent them from hurting her baby, the mother-to-be had her marriage—which was no marriage legally—annulled. Then, when Steve's divorce finally came through, she remarried him. Whether they were still in love, whether any love could have survived the scandal, no one could say. But they married again, and the baby had a name.

You would have thought that then, at last, there would be time for plans, for joy. There was no time for anything—but prayer.

For the doctors told Lana she had an RH negative factor in her blood; that she should not have this baby at all; that she should end her pregnancy with a legal operation. For if she went through with it, she could very possibly die.

"Then I will die," Lana said. "But I'm going to have my baby."

She meant it. She has made mistakes; she has done the wrong thing many, many times; she has brought harm to her baby—but no one in this world can ever accuse her of not wanting Cheryl, of not loving her every minute of her life—and even before.

Love there was. And even hope.

But not the kind of happiness that preceded your birth. Not joy.

The child is born

On July 25, 1944, Cheryl Crane was born.

And almost died.

They had to give the baby transfusion after transfusion, pump new, living blood into her to replace her own, to keep her alive. The RH negative factor almost took Cheryl from Lana. It did keep her from seeing her baby at all for three full days after she was born, days when other newborn infants were lying content in their mothers' arms, being loved and caressed. For Cheryl, only needles and syringes and the anxious faces of doctors. Only fear.

But she lived, and of course Lana did too. Lived to ride home in a big limousine to a nursery in a mansion, and a nurse who would look after her while Mother was away.

And Mother was away a good deal.

Maybe your mother had to work too, when you were young. But probably not. Almost surely, you were not bathed by strangers' hands, put to bed with a stranger's kiss. Surely, your mother's face was the one you gave your first smile to; her outstretched arms were the ones into which you took your first, unsure steps.

But Cherry was with her nurse mostly. Again, it was nobody's fault. Not Steve's fault that his star had not yet begun to shine, that he wasn't earning much. Not Lana's fault that she was the one to buy the groceries, working at the only job she knew and loved. And really, not their fault that being young, and having had more than their share of trouble, they hadn't put aside a nest-egg they could have lived on for a while.

Besides, the studio would have had harsh words for a woman who stays home for months at a time, letting her public forget her while she played with a baby.

So while your mother was changing your diapers and coaxing curls on top of your head, Cherry's mother was making movies and posing for stills—and rushing home at night for a few precious minutes with her child, for a kiss and a hug and an attempt to cram all her love into one embrace, one lullaby.

And all the while her marriage was falling apart about her ears.

"I always tried," Lana told a reporter once, "never to let Cherry hear a quarrel or get involved in unpleasantness."

No real secret

But there are no walls thick enough to keep the sound of angry voices from the ears of a year-old girl. There are no smiles broad enough to hide the tension and the terror from the knowing eyes of a child. Any psychiatrist will tell you that. Any child whose home has been destroyed will tell you, too.

At the age when your parents were taking you for your first short walks, one on either side, holding your hands in theirs—Cherry's parents were battling for her custody in a divorce suit, dragging her name through the papers.

And now, another battle for her custody is going on; her name is again dragged through the papers, as she faces the agonizing decision of who she loves more—her mother or her dad.

Everything kept changing

Time went by; years passed; Cherry started school. How many schools have you been to? Probably only three: a grammar school, a junior high, a high school.

Cherry has lost count of how many she has attended. Or why she left.

There were the schools where the children tormented her whenever her mother's name was in the papers—which was almost every day. Lana—loving her little girl, trying to give her some sort of normalcy—would visit the teachers and ask that they treat Cherry like any other little girl, not give her privileges because of who she was. But she couldn't visit the children and ask them not to torment her daughter for the same reason.

There were the schools where all the children were stars' offspring, and some of them wore pint-sized mink coats to class. There were the private schools and the Catholic schools, the schools in Hollywood, and in England and in Mexico and in Switzerland; there were the schools she almost went to, but not quite. And always, every time there was a change—there was the terror.

Would the kids like her? Would she lose a grade? Would the work be beyond her?

It isn't easy, never to know.

And there was more that could change.

There were the men in Lana's life—and therefore, in Cherry's.

What can you say about that? Lana was young and beautiful; she needed love. Perhaps she was looking for a good man to marry and father to her child, and to

(Advertisement)

The Opposite Sex and Your Perspiration

By Valda Sherman



Did you know there are two kinds of perspiration? "Physical," caused by work or exertion; and "nervous," stimulated by emotional excitement.

Doctors say this "emotional perspiration" is the big offender in underarm stains and odor. It is caused by

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*Carter Products trademark for sulfonated hydrocarbon surfactants.

give her more babies and a home. A woman can understand that.

But a little girl, wide awake at three in the morning doesn't understand. She knows only that Mommy has gone out again, all perfume and furs, with a man named Mr. Jaeger, or Mr. Bey or Mr. Power—or even Uncle Something-or-other. She knows only that if she can keep her eyes open long enough, eventually there will be a crunch of tires in the driveway below her window, and her mother's soft voice saying *goodnight* at the door. Then Cherry could roll over at last and pull the covers up and go to sleep.

Mommy was home safe again.

But in the morning, the old questions would rise to haunt her. Other little girls' mothers stay at home at night. Other little girls' mothers don't kiss any men but Daddy.

But Cherry's mother could be seen on any movie screen, in any magazine, kissing lots of different men.

And Cherry's daddy comes over only in the morning or afternoon. And though he and Mommy are polite, they never kiss. They don't even seem to have much to say.

Why, why, why?

Sometimes, gradually, the men would narrow down to two or three—and then there'd be only one coming to dinner, calling for Mommy. Around then, he'd start getting friendlier with Cheryl. They'd go on picnics together, take a boat ride, play games. Sometimes he'd bring her presents. Sometimes he was awfully nice.

Cheryl would get to like him, to look forward to his coming. She would tell Mommy so, and Mommy's eyes would sparkle. Once or twice she even came into Cheryl's room late at night to put

her arms around her, and whisper, "How would you like a new Daddy, darling? Would you like to have Uncle come live here with us?"

Sleepily, Cherry would nod. Happily, she would wait.

But Uncle never came.

All of a sudden, he wasn't around any more. And Mommy went around red-eyed and gloomy; Grandmother couldn't cheer her up, the whole house seemed to grow dark.

The newspapers would then print that Lana Turner had jilted another man. But Cherry, with the sure knowledge of a child, knew that Mommy had not left, but had been left, by a man. That Mommy was hurt and lonesome and cried in the night.

Loneliness again

Finally Mommy would begin to brighten. The furs and the jewels would come out of their hiding places again. The phone would start to ring, the cars would begin to appear at the door at eight—and Cherry would resume her lonely vigils at the window till Mommy came home. . . .

At the age when your mother was your God, who knew everything, saw everything, could make anything right—Cherry knew that her mother needed protection and help. And that there was no one to give it—but Cherry.

And then Lana married again, and they went to live with Bob Topping in his big house.

It should have been wonderful. But it wasn't.

Of all the men Mommy had ever brought to meet her, Bob Topping was the least likely to succeed with Cherry.

Why, it's hard to say. He tried hard. He talked to her and asked her questions; he patted her head and brought

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her presents. He bought her dresses and toys and even a little pony to ride.

Maybe he just wasn't good with children. Maybe there was something in his voice, something in the feel of his plump hand on Cherry's shoulder, that said plainer than words that he'd rather be with grown-ups, that he wished Cherry wasn't there.

It just didn't work

She just didn't like him. She just couldn't help shrinking a little into herself when he came by. She knew she should be happy because Mommy was happy, because this man wasn't going to go away. But she couldn't help comparing him with her slender, handsome, easy-going 'real' daddy. She couldn't help wishing for what she already knew was impossible.

She had a new dress for the wedding, but no one noticed. Mommy had said it would be quiet and pretty, but the room was suddenly jammed with reporters and cameramen, and there were loud voices and laughter that wasn't nice, and Bob—whom she was to call Pop—got red in the face and Mommy, for all her smiles, looked like she was going to cry.

It was a mess.

After the wedding Cherry tried to settle down. But the tension between her and Bob got worse instead of better. Lana, watching it, grew tense herself and found herself taking sides in ridiculous arguments. Sometimes, Cherry knew, Lana and Bob fought over her in their room. Once she even heard her mother say, "For heaven's sake—keep your voice down or the baby will hear!" Then a door slammed, and that night she heard no more.

She didn't have to hear.

She knew what was going on, and she was afraid.

Then, suddenly, everything was all right again.

Mommy was going to have a baby!

Lana walked about, wreathed in smiles. Bob's voice lost its harshness. The joy was contagious. Cherry didn't even object when Mommy asked her if she would mind going to stay with Grandmother for a while, so Mommy could rest completely while she waited for Cherry's brother or sister to arrive. Cherry didn't mind. She loved Grandmother.

So she went, and Lana went to the country. She wrote all the time. One day Cherry overheard someone say that Lana didn't look well, didn't seem to be feeling so well either.

Cherry took pencil and paper, drew a picture of a bird. "I wish I could fly to you," she wrote, "because I love you so much."

But it was Lana who flew to Cherry a few weeks later. She had lost the baby....

And soon after, her marriage died too.

Life went on, but not in any way you would recognize, not in any form you have ever known. Lana's work took her far afield; when she was going to be away for a long time, she had a choice of uprooting Cherry again, moving her, changing her school—or leaving her with Grandmother and the servants, to grow up without her mother. Whichever she did, she was sure to be criticized for it. Whichever she did, her mother's heart told her it was wrong.

It all begins again

But there was no help for it.

And of course men came and went. The most important of them was Fernando Lamas. He had children of his own, back in South America, and he was easy and good with Cherry. "He loves my little girl, and she's devoted to him," Lana told reporters, glowing again.

But she was wrong.

Cherry liked him, admired him. But love him? She didn't dare to love. She had tried that, and lost, before.

Nonetheless, she did fall in love. With a big, good-looking man named Lex Barker.

She just couldn't help it.

He was kind. He was fun. He could teach a little girl to ride a horse or swim or—hadn't he been Tarzan?—to swing from a tree. He was smart; liked to help with homework. He had children of his own, and one of them, Lynn, was just about Cherry's age. Lynn, too, was the child of parents who had been married and divorced, married and divorced. She knew what it was like. You could be yourself with Lynn, talk over your problems, giggle together. She became Cherry's best friend. Together they would gang up on Lynn's little brother, Zan, to tease him, to feel secure and grown-up.

Lana saw more and more of Lex. Breathless with hope, Cherry tried to hold herself in, not to get hurt. In her effort to resist, she was positively standoffish to Lex. But all the time, her eyes

NEXT MONTH

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with

Nat and Bob

on the cover

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followed him about, pleading silently *Be good to my mother. Love her. Marry her.*

Never mind the scandal

That hope kept her going all the while Lana and Lex toured Europe together, scandalizing the world. It kept her going no matter what anyone said.

And when, finally, word came that Grandmother Turner was to bring Cherry and Lynn and Zan to Italy for the wedding, that they were wanted to actually go along on the honeymoon—for the first time in her life Cheryl knew the meaning of joy.

The world began anew.

Nothing could go wrong.

The house was filled with laughter and with love. Lex's children came to stay for a whole year. Lana and Lex couldn't be home all the time, but they never missed a birthday, never missed a Christmas. If they were going to be away for long, they never failed to send for the kids. Changing schools didn't matter much when there was Lynn to change, too. There was talk about a house in Acapulco, where the beach rolled right down from the door and the water was so blue you could die.

There were little things like Lex making Mommy relax her rules—Mommy had always been pretty strict, maybe because

she worried so when she wasn't at home. Now she let Cherry go on Girl Scout over-night hikes and ride taxis alone.

There were big things, like having a home at last.

Try to imagine yourself in Cheryl Crane's place.

And then try to imagine learning that there was going to be a divorce.

Maybe she should have guessed. Things had gone wrong for a while. Mommy had lost another baby. Lynn and Zan had gone home to their real mother. Cherry had gone for a vacation on a Wyoming ranch and fell off a horse and had a concussion that brought Mommy out in a hurry, looking strained and worried.

How shocking would all this be to you?

The beginning of the end

Enough so that a few months later, on your way back to school with a girl friend after vacationing at her house, everything suddenly becomes too much for you? So that you can't bear to go back to school, to the prying eyes, the nasty questions—and you can't go home, because all the things that made up 'home' have suddenly disappeared? Enough so that you could grab your suitcase and climb out of the taxi and tell your friend, "Go on without me—I'm not going back?"

Could you have been the girl wandering the streets of one of the worst slums in the world, your suitcase in your hand, frightened and lonely, with nowhere to go and nothing to do? Could you have been the one picked up by a kindly man, asked who you were?

"Why don't you go home, honey?"

"Because—because I haven't got a home! My folks have split up!"

Could that voice, those tears, have been yours?

It was Cherry, of course, whose mother and 'real' father rushed to the police station to pick her up. It was Cherry who went home with Lana, numb and shaken, who knew life had to go on, who changed schools still another time, and tried again.

But couldn't it have been you?

And if it were your life, your mother—wouldn't your heart have been too tired, too numb, by now, to care who the next men were? Wouldn't you have looked at their gifts with a slightly jaded eye? Would it really have helped to be suddenly growing tall and beautiful, to have evening gowns and jewelry, to have your picture in the paper?

Not very much. It didn't help Cherry.

It didn't help either that her mother's newest beau was handsome Johnny Stompanato. It didn't help that he really seemed to like Cherry, that he gave her bigger gifts than he could afford, that he wrote her notes and took her places.

And it didn't help a bit to have the kids at school tell her just who and what they thought Johnny was: a gigolo, a bodyguard for a crook, an underworld character.

It didn't help to wonder what Mommy saw in him, why he went to England with her.

And then, because Lana could never bear to be separated for long from her daughter, Cherry came to England too. She made the flight alone, dressed in a grown-up suit, looking older than her fourteen years, feeling as she always felt, both older and younger than she was. She moved into the house Mommy had taken in London while she made a movie.

And she made friends with the servants in the house, the housekeeper. She liked them. They seemed to like her. They seemed to want, as so many people want, to protect her.

But they couldn't help talking among themselves.



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And Cherry couldn't help overhearing their stories.

Imagine yourself learning slowly, with ever-growing horror, that your mother's boyfriend had threatened in this very house to beat her to a pulp. That there had been the sounds of blows and of cries; that the neighbors had called the police.

Imagine finding out that the servants were afraid sometimes to go to your mother's room—because they thought they might find her dead!

Would another pony make up for that?

Wouldn't you ask and ask and ask yourself, as Cherry did, why her mother let this go on; why she went on writing to this man after he got thrown out of the country? Wouldn't you torture yourself wondering what was wrong with your mother that she kept on seeing this awful man?

Wouldn't you imagine to yourself, as Cherry did, that when your mother went off to Acapulco with him it was because he must have some terrible hold over her that not all the smiles could hide?

And then one terrible night in March, suppose you heard voices—your mother's voice, Johnny Stompanato's voice—screaming out things that brought back terrifying memories, servants' stories, never-buried fears. Suppose you heard:

"I'll kill you! I'll ruin you so no man will ever look at you! I'll get you sooner or later—"

What else was there to do?

Suppose you heard your mother gasping in terror, choking—and even in the midst of her fear, trying to silence this man lest you should hear—

Wouldn't you be overwhelmed, swept away with pity and terror, raised to your feet by emotions you should never have known, responsibilities too heavy for your shoulders?

Mightn't you have run to the kitchen and grabbed the first weapon your hands touched—a knife so new the price tag was still on it?

Couldn't it have been you rushing to your mother's room...seeing her white face, seeing the man standing over her with his arms raised—

Couldn't you have been the one to shout, "Mother, you don't have to take that!"

Mother, you don't have to live like this, be afraid like this. Mother, everything in the world has gone wrong! Mother, you can't help me but I can help you!

Could your hand have killed a man?

If you had been Cheryl Crane?

The kindest, most understanding words of all, they say, are these:

There, but for the Grace of God, go I.

Can you bring yourself to say those words, to feel that love? Can you count your own blessings, and feel pity for those who have lived without them? Can you understand that no matter how legally this was 'justifiable homicide,' no matter what disposition the court makes of Cheryl now—she will live with this tragedy for the rest of her life... have to.

More than anyone else, you who are near her age, who have lived the life she should have had, you can help her now.

Only you can tell her *We understand. We wish you a brighter future.*

Will you write to Cheryl today? Will you say to her:

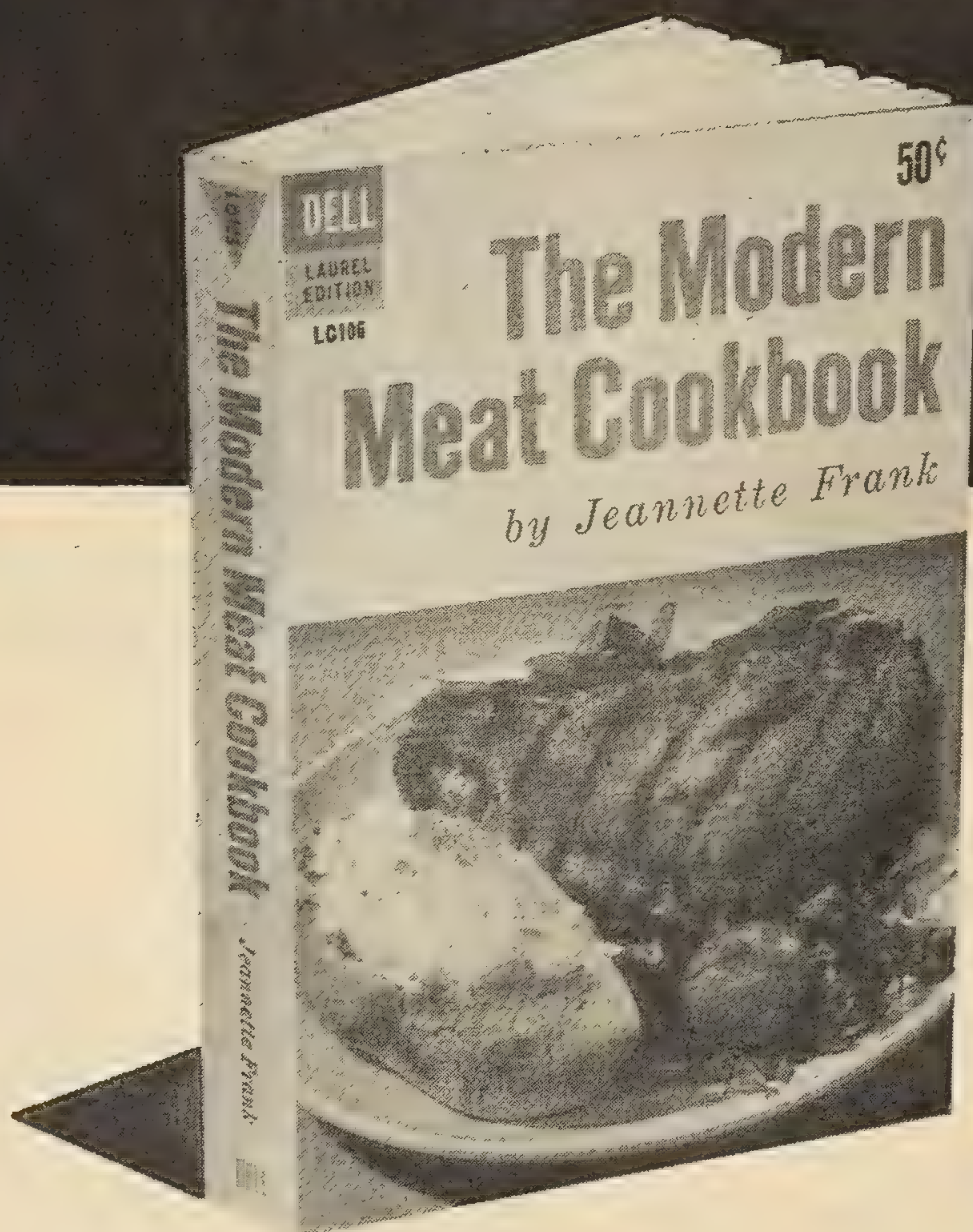
There, but for the Grace of God, go we all....

*Yours,
Dave Myers*

Lana can be seen in U-I's THE LADY TAKES A FLYER, 20th-Fox's PEYTON PLACE and Paramount's ANOTHER TIME, ANOTHER PLACE.

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stay as young as you are

(Continued from page 60) are young. Even the most beautiful skin can be glamorized with care—and the less fortunate skin can be speedily improved and also glamorized.

Foremost among the skin care rules of the stars is regular and thorough cleansing. The reason the movie stars have such beautiful skin undoubtedly lies in the fact that they must cleanse their skin regularly to remove the theatrical make-up the cameras require. They cannot become "cleansing careless," like those of us who follow other less demanding careers.

The very application of cleansing and lubricating preparations causes regular circulation that every skin needs to keep it clear and smooth.

When you commence the procedures of skin care in your youth and continue the routines you will reach maturity with a youthful-looking complexion.

It is never too late to begin with cleansing and lubricating preparations that will promptly give the skin a whole new look and the spirit a powerful new lift.

The look of youth in your skin can be further enhanced by using young colors. Heed these few important tips for added summertime glamour.

Don't rely on your sun-tan, a dash of lipstick and mascara if make-up perfection is your goal. Of utmost importance is the rule of constantly deepening the color of your foundation and powder to keep pace with your darkening tan. There is no allure in the pale pink face that tops neck, shoulders and arms of golden tan. Choose vibrant lipstick colors to further dramatize your tan. Select a matching shade of nail polish and be sure to use it in summer as faithfully as you do in winter months—on your fingertips, and on your toe nails, too.

Don't forget to accentuate your eyes—choose several colors and shades of eye shadow so that you can alternate them at will to match or contrast your costumes. The blues are wonderful, the greens and violets simply striking and so are the greys and browns when studiously applied to highlight your costumes. Be sure to darken your brows—pencil them with the new straight-across look, not in an arch. Give your lips the new straight-across look, too. Avoid the Cupid's bow—use the straight, wide curve. Use a curler on your lashes to give the wider open look to your eyes and then use mascara plentifully. Always make sure your brush is clean so that the application won't have a caked look but will still be ample. Remember, you can't have the new, fresh, young look in make-up unless your cosmetics are new. Stock up your beauty kit as thoughtfully and completely as you do your closet.

Keep the look of youth in the styling and care of your hair—and in the choice of your wardrobe.

Clothes and accessories this season have three outstanding features: casualness and simplicity, high color, and novelty. Choose shoes that are full of fun as well as comfort—ones that are of novelty fabric or trimmed with whimsical ornaments. Select necklines that are low and flattering and buy bras that are especially made for each particular neckline. With the loose, casual silhouette remember to wear the newest girdles for the correct figure look. Wear any color—providing you change your make-up colors to harmonize. Above all—for the new, young look—remember this is a season when you must be all new from top to toe—a tan and swimsuits will not carry you through. So break open your piggy bank now and spend those dollars for the best buy you'll ever make—a glamorous new you!

END

natalie and bob's kind of marriage

(Continued from page 34) the Beverly Hills Saks Fifth Ave.

Sixty seconds later Natalie pulled up behind him and rushed out of her car into Bob's arms like he'd just come back from five years in Antarctica!

Although heading for the same place to buy a new gown for Lana, they had taken separate cars because they had different business appointments afterwards.

Watching Bob and Nat's 'reunion' were two little old ladies who were waiting for their chauffeur to bring their car around. Whispered one of them, "This can't be the real thing."

The other one sighed, "I don't know, but it certainly looks beautiful..."

It was for real, because—geared to being together constantly—every separation, even a five-minute one, is a loneliness that neither can endure. And that's how they want to live. After six months of marriage Bob and Natalie act as much like newlyweds as they did when the minister pronounced them husband and wife at the little church in Scottsdale, Arizona, last December 28th. And it shows... in their affectionate hellos and good-byes, their hand-holding in public and smooching on television programs... in their day-by-day living.

In fact their trip to Saks was a typical example in more ways than one.

Togetherness

That morning Natalie had casually mentioned to Bob that she would like to get a new summer outfit for her younger sister. Another husband might have said *Why tell me or at best Fine, I hope you'll find something cute...* or something to that effect. Not Bob. "Shall we get it this afternoon?" he said.

Natalie wasn't surprised at Bob's "we." They had long ago gotten into the habit of doing everything together.

"This afternoon is fine," she agreed.

This togetherness operates when other chores crop up, too.

One girl friend of Natalie's was particularly surprised when she came over for dinner on the night their housekeeper-cook was off. Watching Natalie cook dinner was the first surprise: six months ago, Nat's culinary activities were pretty well restricted to fixing bologna sandwiches and opening coke bottles. But this evening she served a delicious Caesar salad, lamb chops, vegetables, and a cake—which tasted somewhat better than it looked!

And then, to top it all off, she wanted to do the dishes!

Her girl friend could hardly believe her ears. She remembered all too well the condition of Natalie's room when she still lived with her parents. Till after her mother had a chance to clean it up, it always looked like a hurricane had torn through it five minutes before. Natalie wasn't bothered by having to step across mountains of books and clothes and toy tigers to get out into the hallway.

Only Bob wouldn't let her do the cleaning up. Since she had fixed the dinner, he insisted, he was going to take care of that.

But since the two are inseparable, Natalie followed him into the kitchen. And while he did the dishes, she leaned against the counter to chat with him—because that way she can enjoy making a chore almost a pleasure...

Nat learns to sail

The same thinking goes into everything they do. Bob loves boating. Okay, if he enjoyed it—Nat decided—she'd just have to get to enjoy it too. That kind of thinking goes way back to before they were

even engaged. In those days, Nat wasn't much of a sailor—and that's putting it kindly. So just about the time Natalie got ready to prepare lunch, the sea got rough. One long look at the tuna salad and potato chips made her turn green and rush on deck for some fresh air. If she hadn't been so much in love with Bob, chances are she'd never have gone back to sea. But Bob loved boating, and Natalie loved Bob...

So she took some precautions the next few times they went—a ready-made picnic lunch which just had to be unwrapped and served!

It paid off, this wanting to learn to enjoy the things her guy enjoyed. How different was her seamanship—and her ability to handle food in rough weather, too—the last time they set out for Catalina.

They'd hardly left their Newport mooring when Natalie went below deck.

When she didn't show up for a while, Bob shouted out, "What are you doing?"

"I'm fixing a surprise," she hollered back.

Another fifteen minutes went by before she announced, "Lunch's ready. Here it comes," and brought up a tray with hamburgers, relishes, tomatoes, onions, cookies, coffee, and one dish covered with a linen napkin.

"What's underneath it?" Bob wanted to know.

"The surprise I promised you," she smiled.

When she lifted the napkin, Bob found some freshly-made biscuits. The fact that Natalie had gone to the trouble of fixing them on the tiny stove—and successfully!—impressed him no end.

More surprises coming

Before they got back to their home base, there was to be another sort of surprise.

The cruise across the channel had been pleasant enough, but shortly after they took off from Avalon the following morning to get back home, they were engulfed in thick fog.

At first Natalie thought it was fun to be "lost." But after a while she began to feel uneasy, although she wouldn't admit to Bob that the fog was frightening her.

However, when the sea became rough as well, he too began to show his concern. "I don't think we'll make it back to Newport," he admitted.

Natalie looked at him tensely. "Are we lost?"

"Of course not," Bob assured her. After all, he explained, they now had the compass his father had given them, and he could steer by it. There was nothing to worry about, he kept telling her. After all, there was no use in worrying Nat...

Bob still won't admit any moments of doubt, of unsureness about knowing enough about compass readings to make certain they got back to the island, and even when they did, that he could navigate into a cove without running up on a reef. Because that's just what they managed to do, find themselves a quiet cove where they anchored for the night.

And as far as Natalie is concerned, she was darn glad she was out there with Bob, rather than sitting at home and worrying about the fog and the man she loved out there in it... alone.

They admit that their brand of married bliss does have some drawbacks. Not within their own relationship, but in their attitude toward others—or more correctly, theirs to them.

For instance, when Bob had to leave for the Arizona location of *The Hunters*, Natalie decided to go along. Because the



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weather was unusually good, director Dick Powell suddenly set ahead the shooting schedule a couple of days with almost no advance notice. When she heard about it, Nat found herself torn between a luncheon date with a fan writer—or being with Bob. Although she hated to break the appointment, she asked the studio to explain the situation to the writer and suggest another day for them to get together.

The writer interpreted Natalie's attitude as indifference on her part and might possibly still be carrying a grudge if he hadn't realized the next time he saw them together how much in love Natalie is, and that her decision was never intended as a slight. Others might not be so broad-minded.

Impossible demands

For that matter, her own studio felt the effect when they called her one morning to ask her to go on a personal appearance tour for the nation-wide openings of *Marjorie Morningstar*.

"How long am I supposed to stay away?" Natalie asked unenthusiastically.

"Eleven days," she was told.

"Eleven days! That's impossible!" she cried out.

"Why?"

"Because I couldn't be separated from my husband that long!"

In the end she went; she had to.

The separation proved to be as hard on Bob as on Natalie, although it was more apparent with her. . . .

He was taking her to Union Station the evening she took off for Chicago with his secretary, Nina, and her hairdresser, Connie.

During dinner Natalie had acted so pointedly cheerful that it didn't take a psychiatrist to know she was putting on an act. Yet as they drove toward the station, she became progressively more quiet and said hardly a word when she finally climbed onto the train.

Bob did his best to cheer her up and seemed just about to have succeeded in keeping her from breaking up altogether when the conductor shouted, "All Aboard."

Then Natalie couldn't hold back her tears any longer and started to sob.

As Bob was pacing up and down in front of her compartment, he kept telling himself, "This is awful. I wish the train would start to move. . . ."

When the train finally moved he managed a cheerful smile which fooled no one, particularly not his bride.

Bob had hardly arrived home when he got Natalie's first telegram, telling him how much she missed him. Then the phone calls each day. And they knew that it was because they were so used to spending every moment together and doing everything together. That made separations so hard for them.

But it's worth the occasional anguish to them, because this is their plan for a happy marriage.

What will the personal future hold for Bob and Natalie?

They had planned to get a house of their own in Beverly Hills or Holmby Hills as soon as they could find the right place. Now, however, with Natalie scheduled to spend three months in Europe for *The Miracle* and Bob determined to work out his schedule to accompany her, they've postponed their house purchase till they come back, at which time they will look for a large Chinese Modern home to accommodate them and the children they hope to have . . . to complete the happiness they already enjoy. . . .

END

Nat's in Warners' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR. Watch for Bob in 20-Fox's THE

tony and janet's marriage

(Continued from page 35) she meant it or not.

This went on till one Sunday about three months after they were married when Tony suggested—of all things—a grunion hunt. And since they always did everything together, of course he asked Janet, "Would you like to come along, dear?"

She thought about it a few seconds, then came out with a determined "No, thanks."

Tony didn't think he'd heard right. Did you say 'no'?"

"That's right. I can't stand running along the dark beach after those wriggling little fish!"

"That's wonderful," Tony cried out. Janet, sounding a little hurt, asked, "That I don't want to join you?"

"Oh no—that you came out and said so!"

Both started to laugh—because suddenly they realized they had found the courage to be frank with one another. From then on, their whole relationship was a lot more relaxed, more comfortable, and happier—they were married to each other, not chained; they were two free, separate souls.

While Janet and Tony gradually established a closer, more realistic attitude toward life and one another, they were all too conscious that a happy marriage is difficult enough under normal conditions, but that it takes a very special effort to succeed in Hollywood.

From the very beginning they realized that marriages between actors and actresses are jeopardized primarily by three threats: being apart much of the time because of location work and personal appearance tours; being more exhausted after a hard day's work in front of the cameras and consequently more irritable when they face each other at night; being in competition career-wise, particularly if the wife makes the bigger strides.

This last problem solved itself through the fact that both careers have been going along pretty much on the same level, and even more so through Tony's and Janet's determination to keep their careers apart.

Two stars

That doesn't mean they won't co-star in pictures; they have in the past and will continue to in the future. Their attitude is best expressed in Janet's own words when she says, "We are not a team. We don't want to be known as Janet-and-Tony or Tony-and-Janet but as two individuals."

Thus in a way, Janet has accepted a double role: as Mrs. Tony Curtis, wife and mother, and as Janet Leigh, actress.

"Of course if I had the choice between two equally good parts and one would be with Tony and the other without him I would be more tempted to play opposite him," Janet admits. They love each other; they want to be together—but not with a feeling of self-sacrifice.

Take the hot summer of 1953 when Janet co-starred with Jimmy Stewart in *The Naked Spur*. It was shot in Durango, Colorado. Durango is one of the most scenic spots in the nation, and one of the loneliest and least comfortable places to spend two months.

When Janet was flown to the location site by the studio, Tony was completing a picture at Universal-International. He was through two weeks later, and promptly called Janet on the phone. "How are you getting along?"

"I miss you," she told him.

"What's it like?"

"Terrible," Janet admitted. "We live in log cabins, the food is awful, and there's

nothing to do after we get through shooting at night."

With such a description Tony easily could have invented six good excuses why he couldn't possibly get away from Hollywood. Instead he promised he'd be right out.

Fun together

It's one thing to rough it alone and another to do it with someone you love, they found out a long time ago. The uncomfortable log cabin became a romantic hide-out. The food didn't seem quite as bad, and suddenly they discovered dozens of things that were fun, together, during Janet's off-hours—like fishing, painting, or just talking. And, most important, Janet knew that Tony was there because he wanted to be—not because he felt he had to join her.

Janet and Tony have either accompanied each other or somehow arranged to have a rendezvous on almost all of their pictures. She joined him in Boston for *Six Bridges to Cross*, took the baby along to New York when he co-starred in *Sweet Smell of Success*, and flew to Paris every week end when she filmed interiors in London for *Safari* while Tony co-starred with Burt Lancaster and Gina Lollobrigida in *Trapeze*.

But once she did decide against going along. They had just got back from Europe after filming *The Vikings*. Tony had to go to Carmel for a few days for *Kings Go Forth*. After having been away from home for six months, Janet knew that more than being with Tony she needed the time to get the house reorganized. And so, each did his and her own job . . . to enjoy their being together with greater contentment. They know that love can easily become a burden if one is so constantly preoccupied with the other as to kill his own individuality.

Now as far as Tony and Janet are concerned, this does not mean an absence of concern for each other. For example, on *The Viking* location. . . .

Location was one of the roughest and certainly most isolated ever attempted by an American movie company. The Viking village itself was constructed deep inside the Fjord, hours away from the nearest town. To reach it took four hours by car over winding, narrow dirt roads and then another hour and a half by boat. The cast lived on board the *Brand IV*, which was Barbara Hutton's luxury yacht. But now it was the property of the Norwegian boy scouts, and the bunks were cut down to the size of ten- and twelve-year-olds.

Love that heals

One day Janet, trying to jump from a Viking ship onto the wooden pier, caught her foot between the ship and the pier and let out a scream that could be heard two Fjords away. No bones were broken, but she was in excruciating pain.

Tony didn't have to be a physician to realize that distraction would be better than sympathy at a time like this—and promptly suggested a game of scrabble. Hour after hour, while Janet bathed her foot in hot water and epsom salts, he kept her so occupied that she had little opportunity to think of her foot. He wouldn't have left her alone for an Oscar. Because she needed him.

The easy-going, relaxed companionship that has developed between them was just as apparent another time.

To get away from the uncomfortable quarters on board the *Brand IV* once in a while, Tony, Janet, and some of the others would go to a small resort hotel about an hour's boatride from location.

One evening when they stepped into the speedboat Tony was so exhausted that he

sank back into his seat, closed his eyes, and went to sleep. Janet pulled out a leather portfolio and started writing a letter home—her way of relaxing.

And that night they had a ball!

After eating, just as they settled down in the entry lounge, Janet happened to find out that a wedding party was going on in the ballroom in the cellar below. Curious to witness the colorful costumes and folk dances, she asked Tony if they could join the festivities. Tony insisted he was too tired and wanted to go to bed.

Who would win? Both did.

Tony went upstairs to go to sleep; Janet, Ernest Borgnine, and Kirk Douglas joined the party. Yes, both won, because they are two people who do as they please without hurting one another's feelings, without protest, without trying to talk the other into anything.

Because they love each other

This attitude, Tony explained, grew out of a complete trust and respect for one another's feelings—a trust which has kept the two as individuals within a marriage, a state desired by so many and achieved by so few.

This is particularly evident in their day-

by-day living. Like that time a fan mag writer went to Janet's house for coffee in the afternoon and asked where Tony was. Janet answered, "I don't know. He left at eight this morning and promised to be back in an hour."

It was three in the afternoon!

Seeing the writer's surprise, Janet quickly added, "But I'm sure he'll be here within an hour. We are going out for dinner tonight."

When Tony showed up, Janet didn't ask him where he had been, what he had done or why he hadn't called her. She shrugged and said, "I figured if he wanted me to know, he'd tell me. . ."

As Janet puts it, "I'd be a hypocrite to claim that Tony and I see eye to eye on everything!"

"But we do agree about one thing—you don't have to spend every moment of every hour together. . . if you are together in your love."

And that's how Tony and Janet made a marriage of their honeymoon. . . . **END**

Janet and Tony will appear together in U-I's *THE PERFECT FURLOUGH* and UA's *THE VIKING*. Janet's in U-I's *TOUCH OF EVIL*; Tony's in UA's *KINGS GO FORTH*.

meet frankie avalon

(Continued from page 37) his mom says. "I guess it's because we were so poor and lived in such a tough neighborhood where all the kids were always fighting. Anyway, from the time he was about six, he used to talk about this all the time and I used to say 'No thank you, God forbid, you're not going to be a prize-fighter.' But Frankie being Frankie—he always knew what he wanted and went out and did it anyway—he went out now and did something we didn't know about. And then this night a few years later a cop came to the door and he said to my husband, 'Come down to the station house with me, Mr. Avalone, I want you to see your son.' Pop and me and our daughter, Teresa, nearly fainted with fear when we heard that, but the cop started laughing. He was surprised we didn't know that Frankie had gone and joined what they call the P.A.L.—the Police Athletic League—and that he'd taken up boxing there. I guess we should have known, because everytime I asked him what he wanted to eat he'd say steak and every morning, first thing, he'd go and run around the block about twenty times, like he was in training. But no, we didn't know. And the cop laughed when he realized this. 'You should see this son of yours in action,' he said. 'He's small, yes. He's so small we had to build a box for him to stand on so he can reach the punching bag. But he's got speed and he's got footwork and someday, folks, you're going to be as proud as Joe Louis' parents once were!'

"Well, no offense to Joe Louis' mother, but I thought then and there that I didn't ever want to be in her shoes someday. So the next day I got Frankie dressed and I took him to work with me. There was a fellow in our place who'd been an amateur boxer once and he had all the scars to show it. I introduced Frankie to him and then this fellow gave Frankie a long talk on why it wasn't any good to be a prize-fighter, to get your head all busted and your ears puffed up and your brain a little woozy sometimes.

"When he was through, I took Frankie aside and I begged him to give up this idea. I guess it was because I was crying as I begged him that he said all right. But then he started to cry, too, and he reached

into his pocket and showed me something he'd never showed me before. It was a medal he'd gotten from the P.A.L. saying that he was the best miniature prizefighter in the whole neighborhood.

"I won't box anymore, Mama, if you don't want me to,' Frankie said. 'But you see this medal? Well, I'm going to keep it on me all my life. I'm going to put it on a string and wear it around my neck for all the rest of my life!'

Then I took Frankie to the movies because he felt so bad.

"I'll never forget the movie that day, and neither will Frankie. It was called *Young Man With A Horn*. I forget who was in it. But there was that trumpet. . . ."

That trumpet was to change the course of young Frankie's life. He'd heard it, he'd been fascinated by it and he decided he wanted to learn to play it.

"Papa," he said to his father that night, "can I have a trumpet?" And he got it.

It was a little less than a year later when Frankie read about Tommy Dorsey's plight in the newspapers. The great T.D., in town for a few weeks' stand with his band, had just lost a trumpet player and was looking for a replacement. Tryouts would be held beginning at two o'clock that afternoon.

Frankie was first in line.

"How old are you, kid?" a startled Dorsey assistant asked.

"I'm ten going on eleven," Frankie said.

Frankie couldn't exactly understand why everybody in the band started laughing when Dorsey, trying to look very serious about this, introduced himself to the boy and then asked him to sit in the third trumpet chair and play.

"I didn't know the third chair from the first," Frankie says, recalling. "But finally I found it and I began to play. It was a real easy part—one-two-three-toot, one-two-three-toot. And I guess Mr. Dorsey liked the way I did that toot. Because when it was over he asked me if I'd like to play a solo with the band, just for fun. I said, 'All right. Tenderly, in the key of E-Flat, please.' When I was through, I'll never forget, everybody in the band started clapping and Mr. Dorsey came over to me and said, 'Kid, I really enjoyed that. I'm afraid I can't give you a job at your age. But come back and see me when you're seventeen, and I'll have work for you, plenty of it, too. . . . Well, you know that

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by

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Mr. Dorsey died, just after I'd turned seventeen."

For the next five years, Frankie was what is high-falutin'ly known as a prodigy—a boy so great at his trumpet that at thirteen he made a record and everybody in the music business said that this was a boy who was going places. Except that, really, there was no place for Frankie to go. He was too young to join a band and play nightclubs and theaters.

So, for those five years, Frankie studied and studied.

This was, as it turned out, probably the best thing that could ever have happened to Frankie. Because *not* associating with some of the boys in his neighborhood probably saved him from becoming like lots of them—a pack of trouble-raising, gang-fighting monsters who made the expression Juvenile Delinquents sound like a compliment.

But, as it turned out, too, somewhere deep down in Frankie's heart lay the feeling that these were the boys he had grown up with when he was a kid, known, palled around with, loved in the way childhood friends will love one another.

"I got an idea one night when I was watching a TV show called *The Little Rascals*," Frankie recalls. "A bunch of kids in the show had a teenage nightclub, strictly for kids. And I thought what a great idea.

"The next day I went around town talking to hall-owners. Finally, one man named a cheap enough price and I said, 'I'll take it, a month from this Friday night!'

"And what a month that was. First thing we had to do was line up some talent. I got together a combo of some kids I knew, with me at the trumpet, so that took care of the dancing. Then I went around to anybody I knew who could sing or dance and asked if they'd be willing to perform. I got about fifteen yesses in just a couple of days. . . . Next was the advertising. I didn't have any money for newspaper ads or anything like that. But I got a few kids together and we made our own pamphlets, real quick. We did them all over a weekend and on Monday, at school, we started distributing them, on tops of desks, on seats in the auditorium, in gym lockers, everywhere we could think of. . . . Then we had to think about food and refreshments. It was easy enough to order the cokes, but I figured we should have hot dogs, too. Except that hot dogs are kind of expensive to buy when you're buying a couple of hundred and you're not sure you're going to be able to sell them when the time comes. This is where my Mom really helped me. Every night after she got through work, she'd start making the rounds of the butcher stores, seeing which one would give the best price. She must have covered every store in South Philly. But it was worth it because she found a place where they had them—all beef, too—for practically pennies. And just to make it really swell, my Mom said she'd come and cook them at the club that night, too, so I wouldn't have to pay anything to any chef.

"Well, opening night finally came and I was scared stiff all of a sudden that nobody was going to show up. I remember the funny feeling in my stomach a couple of hours before we opened, as a friend and I hung a big sign over the entrance-way which said:

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"But I realized pretty quick I had nothing to worry about. An hour after we 74 opened there must have been three hun-

dred kids there, and everything was going great.

"Until the fight started, I mean. We had lots of nice kids there. But we had every tough guy and his girl and his gang and their girls in the neighborhood, too. And it wasn't long before there were some fists flying between Dukie, the leader of one gang, and Ringo, the leader of another. I was on the bandstand and I could see it was going to get pretty bad if it went on. I jumped down and rushed over to them. I knew them both and I liked them and they liked me. For some reason, like most of the tough guys around the neighborhood, they all looked on me as a kind of kid brother, because I'm so thin, I guess. Well, I'd talked to them before. But I hoped I could talk to them now.

"Hey, fellows," I said, trying to break it up. "Come on, will ya? I've put a lot of work into this place and I'm trying to make a success out of it. What do you want to do anyway, spoil the whole thing before it even gets started?"

"Well, at least my words stopped them fighting for a minute. But I could see the danger signs in their eyes.

"Then I thought of something.

"Look Dukie . . . Ringo," I said. "This is a nightclub, right? And every nightclub has a couple of bouncers, right, in case things start getting rough with some of the customers? Well, how would you

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two like to be my bouncers?"

"Boy, you would have thought they were soldiers and I was President Eisenhower giving them the Congressional Medal of Honor. They thought this was the best idea they'd ever heard. And from that moment on, let anybody in the place try to start any kind of fight!

"So the first Friday night passed fine. And the second. And the third. And by the end of that first month I was glad the idea was working out so swell—and, especially, that a lot of these friends of mine who'd been getting into a lot of trouble week ends did so much dancing Friday nights now that they were too pooped to do anything bad anymore on Saturday and Sunday.

"It lasted over a year, the teenage nightclub. It got better and better, too. It got to the point where, when I'd hear any famous singers were in town, I'd call them up at their hotel and tell them about the place and ask them if they'd come over and entertain for a while. So many did—and for free, too; Tony Bennett, Carmen MacRae, Steve Lawrence, Eydie Gorme, Jodie Sands, The Four Dates.

"Yes, it all went swell.

"And then came the fire and all the other trouble. . . ."

The fire came first. It started at about three o'clock one morning and by five o'clock the Frankie Avalon Teenage Nightclub was a pile of cinders. Fortunately, no one was in the building at the time. But this was only the beginning. . . .

The other trouble concerned Frankie's mom and dad.

His mom was laid off from work a few days after the fire.

His pop suffered a bad accident a few days after that.

For Frankie this meant taking the couple of hundred dollars he'd saved during the past year and giving it to his family. It also meant that he was just seventeen now and just about ready to finish school and with a whole load of responsibility on his shoulders.

He figured it all out now.

He would take a job, any job, right after he finished school. And then on Friday and Saturday nights he would play trumpet for weddings and parties and for the ten-dollar bills they always gave out after these affairs.

This, he figured, was the least he could do to help out at home till his dad could get back on his feet again. . . .

It was a very unusual Sunday morning, the following Sunday. The air outside was very warm and still. And here in the church, Frankie noticed, it was hot and strange and unlike any Sunday morning in church he could remember.

He knelt to pray.

He prayed very hard.

"Please," he said, his eyes closed tight, "please make Poppa well again and make me strong, meanwhile, so I can work in his place. But, most important, take care of Poppa and make him well again, please. . . ."

He prayed so hard and long that he barely heard the music at first.

It was a familiar hymn, one the choir sang every Sunday, called *Holy God, We Praise Thy Name*.

It is so pretty and simple a hymn that many parishioners in Catholic churches throughout the world often join in the singing.

Frankie had never done this.

But on this particular morning, after a while, he found himself—still kneeling there, still with his eyes closed—beginning to sing.

Except, without realizing it, he sang more loudly than any of the others, as if it were just he and the organ music and God.

*Holy God we praise Thy name
Holy God we bow before Thee
All on earth Thy scepter claim
All in heaven above adore Thee
Infinite Thy vast domain
Everlasting is Thy name. . . .*

It was on the way out of church a little while later when Frankie realized what had happened.

"Hey, Frankie," a kid he knew called out, rushing over to him. "That's some voice you got there. For a minute I thought it was Mario Lanza come back to see his home town."

"Frank," a woman said, rushing over, too, "that was the most beautiful singing I ever heard in all my life. You should forget about your trumpet and sing, instead. Honest, that was beautiful!"

There were more compliments in those next few minutes, lots more.

And as Frankie walked home a little while later, he began to wonder.

He wondered so hard he nearly got run over—twice.

But finally, safely, he did get home.

He was shaking his head and smiling as he walked into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"What's so funny?" his mother asked, looking up from the Sunday macaroni she was making.

"Nothing, Mom," Frankie said. "Except some people, they must be deaf. . . ."

That's the way Frankie shrugged the whole idea off at first. But as the next

few weeks went by, the idea of singing began to get hold of him. And, suddenly, when nobody was around, Frankie would find himself making with the pipes to see how he sounded.

Then he remembered that two friends of the family—fellows named Bob Marcucci and Peter DeAngelis, executives of a then-small record outfit named Chancellor—had asked him to let them know if he ever came across any good young male singer.

On a dare with himself, he called them up.

"I think I may have just the guy you're looking for," Frankie said.

"Who?" they asked.

"Me," Frankie said.

"You?" they asked.

And that's how it started. Frankie auditioned for them one day, his own combo supplying the accompaniment. Marcucci and DeAngelis looked at one another in amazement halfway through the first song, clapped hands after the second, whistled after the third and signed Frankie up, on the spot.

His first record, *Cupid*, was a smash.

Then came the others—*Young Love*, *At The Hop*, *De De Dinah*, *The Stroll* and *I'm Walkin'*, smashes all.

And then came the day Frankie went to Hollywood to make a rock 'n' roll picture named *Jamboree*, to be followed by a long tour of personal appearances throughout the country.

"Frankie," his mother said to him as they sat alone one day just before he left, "you've been a good son to me and your Poppa. You've made us proud all these years. But now you're like a bird who's grown his wings and is going out into the world, to fly for his own. I don't know anything about this world you're flying into, Frankie, this world of show business. But you can't help hearing and reading a lot of things, about how people change sometimes when they're in it, how they try to live a little too fast and begin to do things they shouldn't do. I guess I shouldn't be talking to you like this, so bossy-sounding all of a sudden. But to me and your Poppa, Frankie, you're still our little boy and only eighteen years old and we just want you to take care of yourself and to always stay the same good person you've been, to me, to your father, your sister, to everybody. . . ."

If Mrs. Avallone was worried about anything, she needn't have been—as she herself was to discover the day, three months later, when Frankie came home.

Actually, we've got to back to the moment about thirty-five hours earlier, when the bus Frankie was riding back to Philadelphia in became stranded, only thirty miles away, in one of the worst snowstorms Pennsylvania has ever known.

Everybody was ordered out by State Troopers after a while and told to walk about half a mile to a Howard Johnson's, where they could take refuge and stay warm till the blizzard stopped and the roads could be cleared again.

It took Frankie and the others nearly an hour to trudge to the Howard Johnson's. And when they got there they saw that some eight hundred other people had been ordered there, too.

"It was like a scene in a war movie," Frankie recalls, "with all these people—mostly mothers and fathers and their children—sitting all around the place, at tables, at the counter, on the floor—shivering, depressed, lots of the kids crying, the manager of the place going crazy because he was all out of food already and nearly out of coffee and he knew darn well this storm wasn't going to stop blowing in an hour or two.

too, and my main idea was to keep warm and kid myself into the fact that I wasn't going to get hungry and so what if I went without something to eat for a while.

"But five or six hours later, my stomach really began to grumble. I looked out the window. It was dark already. I could see the snow was still coming down. I knew we'd be there through the night, at least. I decided to try to sleep. But I couldn't. It was cold, for one thing. And those poor kids all over the place were crying, one following the other, like magnetism or something.

"Finally it got so bad that one mother fainted when her baby began to get sick and another woman screamed and then some of the kids began to scream, like her, instead of crying.

"That's when I jumped up all of a sudden and onto a counter and I said, 'All right, ladies and gentlemen, it's showtime here at Howard Johnson's. If I may, I'd like to sing for you a little bit. And then, later we'll all sing some songs we all know. How about that?'

"At first there was only silence. But then somebody started to clap, and then a few more people. And then I sang—just as if I was back in my old nightclub, every song I'd ever sung there and then some. And then everybody began singing. And this must have gone on, off and on, for the next twenty-four hours or so, till somebody shouted, 'Here come the bulldozers!' and we knew that in a short time we'd all be out of there and on our way home. . . ."

Frankie's mother began to cry when she saw him walk through the front doorway a little while later. She knew he'd been in that stranded bus and, with the phone lines out of commission, she'd had no idea whether or not he was safe.

"Thank God!" she cried when she saw him now, throwing her arms around him.

Frankie let her have her cry and then he cleared his throat.

"Mom," he said, "can I ask you a favor?"

"Sure," his mother said, still holding him, "what?"

"Well at this Howard Johnson's," Frankie said, "there were a lot of people. And there were some kids, too. And some of these kids, they were orphans, Mom, on their way from an old orphanage in Washington to a nice new one in Boston. And they spent their allowance money on some food at Howard Johnson's and now they're broke and they haven't had anything to eat and. . . ."

"What's the matter, Frankie," his mother asked, "why are you stopping?"

"Well, I invited them over for a sandwich before they take off again," Frankie said.

"Sure," his mother said, "where are they, the poor kids?"

"In the bus outside," Frankie said.

"And how many are there?" his mother asked.

"Forty-five, I think," Frankie said.

"What???" his mother screamed.

"Maybe only forty-three," Frankie said, gulping.

Mrs. Avallone stood stunned for a moment. But then she began to laugh. No, she thought to herself, Hollywood and those one-night entertainments all over the country. They haven't changed our Frankie. They haven't changed him one little bit.

"All right," she said aloud, walking to the phone, "you go call them all inside while I call the delicatessen and order some cold cuts and bread."

"And milk, Mom," Frankie said.

"And milk," Mrs. Avallone agreed, nodding, and trying very hard not to start crying all over again, as Frankie ran back to the door to call the kids in. END

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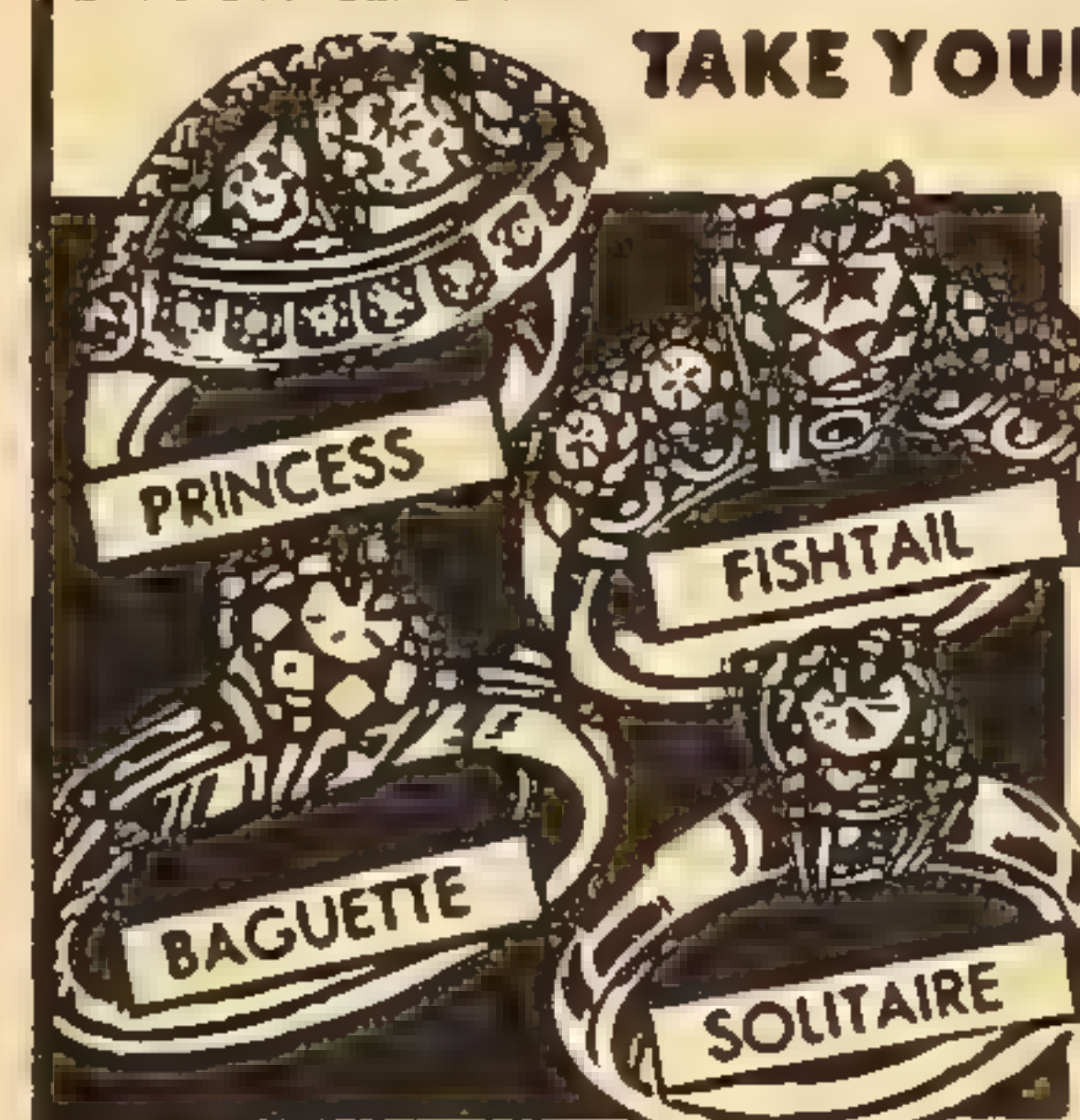
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my 4,003 children

(Continued from page 62) "He'll make the perfect brother for Tracy," she said. Tracy was the little girl Jane and her husband had adopted in America a couple of years earlier. "Yes, he'll be perfect."

"I hope this is all possible," the nurse said as she walked Jane to the door.

"Sure it is," Jane said, turning around for one last smile at the baby.

"Ja," the nurse said, trying to share the beautiful American actress' enthusiasm, but still with her doubts. "Ja, of course it will be possible. . . ."

Jane was back at her hotel a little while later. "Yes, Dad," she was saying on the telephone, excited, to her husband, ex-football star Bob Waterfield, six thousand miles away in California. "He's like an angel. Big. With blue eyes. And not so husky right now, but you can see, just looking at him, that some good American oatmeal and some good California milk are all he really needs and then *wow*, there's going to be another quarterback in the Waterfield family. . . ."

It was a little while after Jane had hung up that the phone rang again.

It was the nurse at the orphanage.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but I just checked and I thought I would let you know now, right away. You cannot have the baby."

"I can't *what*?" Jane asked.

"It is not that *we* do not want this," the nurse explained. "But your own country . . . they are very strict on the number of children who may enter from Europe every year as adoptions. And as I suspected, our quota is already filled for the next two years."

"Quota?" Jane asked. She could feel her hand go limp and weak around the metal receiver. "You mean to tell me they have quotas for tiny babies, babies who'll be given a home and parents?"

"That is right," the nurse said.

Red tape

"Try calling your own Consulate and discover what happens," the nurse added.

Jane called—once, twice, three times. Then she took a cab and went to the Consulate. She spoke to a dozen people, fellow Americans. The accents weren't there this time, but the message was the same:

"No!"

"Impossible!"

"Against the law!"

"Why don't you go to Washington when you're back in the States?" one weary aide-de-camp told her. "Maybe you can get them to change the law."

"Maybe I can!" Jane said, angry, as she stomped out of the place. . . .

She was back at the orphanage the next morning. The first part of her European trip was nearing an end. That afternoon she'd have to leave for Paris and a picture she was scheduled to make there.

Now, however, for a few last minutes, she wanted once more to look at little Klaus, the baby she'd set her hopes on.

"Good-bye, you wonderful little monster," she said, playing with him that last time. "And don't worry. Old Jane will be back some day to come get you, and then—"

She found it hard to go on.

She looked up at the nurse.

"A little German baby like this?" Jane asked, trying to smile. "Do you think he knows what I'm talking about?"

"At that age," said the nurse, "they all understand everything."

"Well, all right then," Jane said, bending to pick up the baby and kiss him good-bye. "This is just *auf wiedersehen* then, you understand? Because I'll be back. . . ."

exactly two months later and Jane flew immediately to Hollywood to begin initial publicity work on it. This normally takes about two weeks. Jane did it in three days. Then she flew to Washington, D. C., to begin her fight for Klaus.

More red tape

She spoke to her two Senators, among dozens of other big wheels, to *your* two Senators, to practically every pair of Senators in town at the time.

They were more than glad to see her. Some of them even asked for her autograph. Obliging Jane obliged and then she asked them to do some signing—to a bill that would up the quota on European orphans. Suddenly the legislators were very, very busy and ahem, but if she would please excuse them. . . .

Jane's next stop was New York City.

"I had heard that there was an organization in New York called the International Social Services—the ISS. I didn't know much more than that it was made up of a lot of good men with a lot of backing behind them, who listen to problems like ours."

So Jane had taken the next train to New York. And with a little backing of her own, she was there now, at the ISS offices, waiting—as she'd never waited before—to go on. She was nervous.

She would be making her plea to four very distinguished gentlemen—an ISS official, a priest, a rabbi and a minister.

And then, as a buzzer buzzed and a receptionist signaled to her and asked her to please come along, Jane got up, took a deep breath—and then suddenly an old

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

"My doctor tells me to take a little nip before I go to bed," Dean Martin announced in his act in Las Vegas.

"Do you know, I find myself going to bed nine or ten times a night?"

Earl Wilson
in the New York Post

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

memory flashed through her mind.

She was a girl, no more than thirteen. Her four brothers were showering and getting washed and dressed and ready to go to a fair nearby. Jane wanted to go too. But her folks were away for the night and she was too young for a date and, besides, nobody had asked her. So she made up her mind that she'd better do something about this, and fast. Just before the boys were about to leave she called them all together in the living room—Tom, Kenny, Jamie and Wally. She cleared her throat. "I think it's terrible none of you asked me to the fair—because I want to go, something awful," she said. "And if you fellows don't take care of this situation, I don't know who else will." Jane was honest and direct about it. And she got to go to the fair.

Jane smiled now as she walked into the big, wood-paneled conference room and saw the four men.

One by one the introductions were made. First was the rabbi.

Hi, Tom, Jane thought, shaking hands.

Next was the priest.

And Kenny, she thought.

Then came the minister.

Hello, Jamie, she thought.

And finally the ISS official.

And hello to you, Wally, she thought.

And then, very honest and direct, as if she were back in the old living room back home, talking to the boys, she said, "Now don't get me wrong, please. I've never been one to think every kid has to be called adorable and patted on the head. In fact, I think some kids—well! It's just that I hate the thought of any child on

this earth being orphaned and alone, and I think it's downright *practical* that every child have parents—his own or adopted."

Jane explains

For the next two hours Jane talked on, about the trouble she was having trying to adopt little Klaus, about the trouble thousands of other people like her were having with thousands of other little Klauses all over Europe.

"After all," she said, in desperate conclusion, "if *you* fellows don't do something about this situation, I don't know who else will."

The four gentlemen, impressed, moved, promised Jane they would do their best to accomplish something.

"You will?" Jane asked.

Then she began to cry.

The four men kept their promise. They worked hard and long with contacts in Washington, Europe, all over. But it was to be a year before anything substantial would materialize.

In that time, Jane kept in close touch with the orphanage in Frankfurt, asking about Klaus, sending little packages to him, worrying about him when a nurse wrote that he'd come down with a case of the sniffles, proud of him when another nurse wrote that he seemed to have grown a full inch overnight.

In that time, too, Jane had the good fortune to hear about an adorable little English boy named Tommy who was up for adoption. It was lots easier getting English children into the country than those from Continental Europe and Jane lost no time getting Tommy.

It was great.

There were two children in the house now.

But there was never any doubt that Jane wouldn't be happy, completely happy, until there were three. . . .

Finally, after that year passed, the all-important letter from the ISS came. This time it was from Bill Kirk, head of the organization. He'd been interested in Jane's plea from the beginning, and encouraged by reports that Washington was finally getting ready to relax the quota. Now, the groundwork laid, Mr. Kirk wanted to see Miss Russell.

A meeting was arranged.

It lasted a full day.

Jane, remembering how she heard Bill Kirk tell some friends about that long-ago meeting, started laughing, "We were all sitting in my living room a couple of nights ago—out of a clear blue sky Bill started talking."

"You can't imagine what kind of a day it was," Bill said.

"Out of Hollywood comes this movie star to my office and she says she wants to do something about orphans. She's very direct, this movie star. She nails me down to a chair and she talks all about kids and how they all should have parents."

"After she's through with me I go to the Board of Directors and they look at me like I've got a hole in the head. They're suspicious. They tell me this may be a plan to use us to promote Miss Russell; that this may be a plan set up by a high-powered Hollywood agent."

"So I go back to Miss Russell and indicate this. And she ups and says, 'Let me talk to these gentlemen!'"

"So she does."

"And so she leaves a few hours later with everybody's approval—and even with a name for her adoption plan: WAIF."

"They were rolling in the aisles," Jane finished the story, "but I guess I didn't really care. I'd won. . . ."

"From there on it was some work, sure."

"But the important thing is that the program did get underway, that the ISS—

which at one time did about two percent adoption work now does sixty percent and that some four thousand orphans from all over the world are living in America now because of the ISS program, with a mother and a father all their own."

It was at about this time that Jane stopped long enough to do a little good for herself. She sat down one night and wrote a long letter to Frankfurt, asking the officials at the orphanage to please begin rearing little Klaus for the long-awaited trip to California. Everything—all the past quota mess—would be avoided now and in a few weeks, maybe, she wrote, she'd be able to fly over, bundle up the boy and bring him home.

Jane sent the letter off air mail.

She received a letter from Frankfurt a few days later.

It was very simple.

What happened to the baby

Little Klaus, it said, had just been adopted by a German family. The people at the orphanage were sorry if Miss Russell was disappointed by this news, the letter went on to say, but they wanted her to be sure that this was a very nice family, that the baby seemed very happy to go with them and that they would appreciate, if, unlike some other people, she didn't pursue the correspondence any further because the child was gone and that was that. . . .

Jane is not a brooder. And no matter what she felt deep inside her heart about losing Klaus, she did not brood or make life miserable for anybody around her.

But people have a way of understanding. Especially husbands. Especially very good

husbands. And there was a plan afoot. Perhaps then, because Bob Waterfield is a very good husband, this explains the surprise he pulled on Jane one day not so long ago.

"Old Jane—" he started as they sat at dinner, alone.

"Yes, Dad?" Jane asked.

"I saw the cutest baby the other day," Bob said.

"Whose?" Jane asked.

"He's an orphan," Bob said. "His name is Robert John. I wish you could have seen him."

Jane was silent.

"Would you like to see him?" Bob asked. Jane nodded.

"We can go over tomorrow," Bob said. "Okay?"

Again Jane nodded.

And then she smiled.

"Gee," she said, "if . . . I mean, well . . . I mean if, since he's an orphan and for some reason we should want to adopt him and take him home with us . . . I mean, if we do . . . well, that'll make three children!"

What Jane should have said was that it would make four, thousand-and-three children, if you included WAIF.

And that there was no telling where it would all stop. . . .

END

Young Robert John now occupies the nursery at the Waterfield house in Hollywood and is reportedly very much in love with his new dad, sister Tracy, brother Tommy and—especially—with his new mother, Jane, certainly one of the nicest mothers ever. . . . EDITOR

Jane will appear in "THE BIG PLAY" for United Artists.

love takes a long, long time

(Continued from page 32) dished them out, and while he and Hope's date chewed the breeze and the girls did the dishes, Carry giggling and chattering and Hope nodding, listening, up to her elbows in suds—even while he gave Carry a friendly goodnight kiss at her door hours later—what was on his mind mostly was Button, and what was taking her so long out in California to make up her mind to marry him.

So it was pretty much of a shock to walk into a party ten days later and see those same excellent legs flashing about, improvising a dance in a circle of spell-bound watchers. But not an unpleasant shock. That quiet little face of a week before was flushed and excited now. The green eyes sparkled, the legs whirled, and the demure blonde hair bounced up and down. "I know that girl," Don muttered in pleased surprise. Then he shoved his way into the circle.

"Hi," he said. "Remember me?"

Like it's a surprise

Hope took a deep breath. One hand went up to smooth her hair. Her cheeks got even pinker. "Well, Hi," she said breathlessly. "When did you get here?"

Don didn't find out for years that she had known he was coming, planned her dance—and kept an eye on the door throughout it. He hadn't the faintest idea that the other night while he was busily ignoring the other guy's date, those quiet green eyes had been following him around the room, admiring, shy—and hopeful. At seventeen, Hope Lange didn't consider herself a bit too young for him.

But it wasn't at all necessary for Don to know that. It was quite enough that he spent the rest of the evening bringing her cokes and potato salad, that he found himself dragging her into quiet corners to

talk and talk and talk until it occurred to him that he had a matinee and evening performance to do the next day and he'd probably be hoarse as a crow. It was enough that he asked for her phone number and couldn't find a pencil and said it over and over to himself all the way home so he wouldn't forget. It was enough that for the first time that night the girl in his dreams had somehow exchanged her long black hair for a pale blonde ponytail, bouncing up and down. . . .

So young. . . .

It was enough that he forgot that Hope was younger than his kid sister.

All that was quite enough for a young man who used to think he was in love with somebody else.

And to Hope, thrilled to her fingertips at actually attracting this big, gorgeous actor, this talented, sophisticated, older man—it was more than enough.

She waited on pins and needles for him to call. When he did, to invite her to see him in *Rose Tattoo*, she worried for days over what to wear, sat through the play absolutely blind to everything but him, wore out her hands applauding his bow at the end. When the final curtain came down and Don emerged, still wiping off greasepaint to take her to the Drake Room for late supper and still more talk—it seemed like heaven on earth.

He didn't kiss her goodnight that night. She was half disappointed, half pleased. "It shows," she told a friend, "that he's really very mature."

The next week she was due to leave for a visit with friends out of town—including among the friends a college boy she had known for years, dated a lot, even had a crush on. She had to go, she had promised to go—but she decided in advance to be bored. And she was. She came home able to say, "After you've dated a man, college boys seem so—shallow!"



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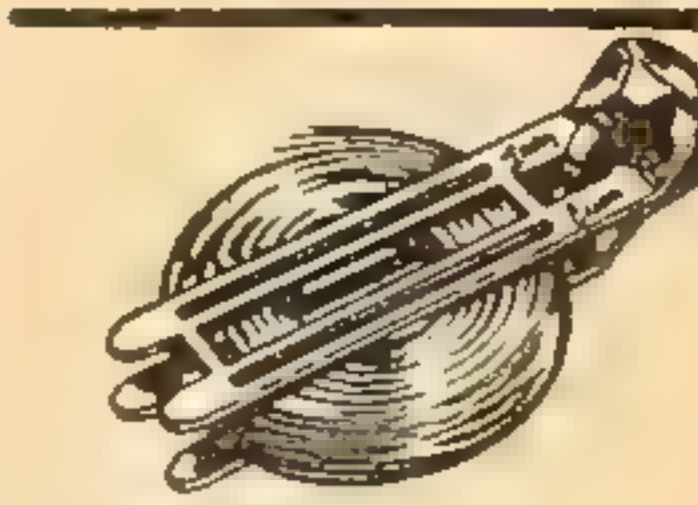
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Her girl friends looked at her admiringly. "Do you think you're in love with Don?"

"Well—"

"But—you're so young!"

"A woman," said Hope firmly, "is never too young for love!"

So it was very odd that when Don invited her to spend a day out at the beach with him and his folks, she should feel something akin to panic at the thought of being presented as their son's girl. It was very odd that when he finally did take her in his arms to kiss her, when he began to call her more and more often, when his plans for the future gradually began to include her—when, in fact, everything was going like Love's Young Dream and she should have been The Happiest Girl In The World—she found herself pulling back in terror.

"I don't know what's the matter with me," she apologized to Don. "All of a sudden—I'm so scared."

Afraid of love

"What's there to be scared of?" Don would ask reasonably. "I'm earning a living; I'm all for your having a career—dancing, theatre, whatever you want; we could have a wonderful life—"

"I know, but—"

"And we love each other—"

Hope would grasp at straws. "Now, how do you really *know*? Why, you know you thought you were in love before!"

"Hopee, that's all over. I told you so. It isn't even as if I ditched her. Besides, didn't you ever like a guy before me?"

"Well, yes—"

"There!" Don would say triumphantly. "But you never cared this much before, right? Now, what I think is—"

He was a very good talker. He didn't push her, but he wove nets of words, of plans around Hope. Already he was giving her acting lessons—he thought she had real talent; he'd get an agent interested in her. They could star together in shows, maybe do a musical someday so she could use her dancing. They had so much in common, coming from theatrical backgrounds, both religious, both loving New York. They would have a perfect life. He talked and talked. And Hope, whose *forte* was listening, would be spell-bound. One night when Don was even more eloquent than usual, she found herself nodding her head. When the oration wound up—she went on nodding.

She went home thinking seriously about getting engaged.

Brigitte Bardot's leading man in a recent film confesses he lost close to 30 pounds during the 'ordeal' of co-starring with the temperamental French Venus. (Some chaps would consider this a heavenly way to reduce!)

*Dorothy Kilgallen
in the New York Journal-American*

But the next morning she phoned Don.

In a small, shaky voice she said, "Don—I've been thinking—maybe we ought to think it over some more." She took a deep breath. She said the hardest thing she had ever said, doubly hard because she wasn't the average seventeen-year-old girl, but a girl who had been earning money dancing and modeling, moving with adults for years.

She said, "Don, maybe I'm just too young."

She expected an argument, a torrent of protest. To her amazement, there was a short silence. Then Don's voice said calmly—almost, in fact, with relief—"Okay, Hopee. We'll give it time."

He had been doing some thinking himself that night.

He had faced up to something he had never mentioned to Hope, telling himself that he hadn't wanted to worry her. Now, after this long night of growing up, he knew that he had been afraid to tell her, afraid she wouldn't understand, afraid of losing her.

He was going away—for a long, long time. He was going overseas to work in refugee camps, to spend the next two years of his life trying to help the displaced people of Europe build new lives, learn to live again.

And he wanted to go. Even though it meant leaving his career just when it was off to a good start, even though it meant leaving his home and his people whom he loved, even though it meant leaving Hope to grow up without him, to meet dozens of boys, to maybe fall in love with someone else—still, he wanted to go. In a way, indeed, it was because of her that he knew he must.

Later, from Europe, he was to write to her:

You know, when we met, I was so confused, so mixed up, that I was beginning to question the values I lived by. It's hard to tell you what it was like, really. But it was something like a terrible night that seems endless, and you walk and walk and finally you come to the top of the mountain. You look down, out of all this dark—and there's a field of corn below, full of sunlight—and goodness. That's how you were to me, for all that you were so young—shining and quiet and sweet and good. You made me know I wanted you—but more than that, you made me know what I wanted from myself.

So he went to Europe, and left Hope, completely free and unattached. He wrote to her often, long letters filled with affection and interest, telling her about his strange new life, about the suffering people, about how much he wanted to do for them and how little he actually could.

Never any answers . . .

He got no replies.

Whether out of prudence, out of a need to be alone, or whether just because Hope was a bad correspondent, she didn't answer his letters. Not once.

At first it hurt horribly. He would haunt the nearest post office, pestering them to "Look once more, will you?" Then it became less painful. Maybe it was a good thing, maybe it was smart. And anyway, surely if she actually fell in love with someone—surely then she'd write to get him off the hook.

So for two and a half years, he wrote to Hope, into a void.

His last letter told her the date of his sailing from Europe, the date he would be back. He didn't really hope at all. But when the boat docked at last, there on the pier was a slender girl, whose blonde ponytail tossed ever so slightly in the breeze.

It would be nice to say that the happy ending began there on the pier, that they rushed into each other's arms, vowing eternal love. That five days later they were married.

But it wouldn't be true.

It had been a wonderful two years for Hope. In a way, she had had everything. She was studying acting seriously, making progress. She was free as a bird to date, to have fun—and there were literally scores of young men to take her dancing or to the beach or to dinner. And back of it all, there were Don's letters, assuring her of love if she should ever want it, assuring her of the security of his affection.

She didn't fall into his arms on the pier. She gave one shocked gasp at his altered appearance—he had come down with pneumonia in the damp, windy refugee camp, and lost pounds; he was drawn, tired, and he looked older by more than two years—and then, suddenly, it was as if he had never been away. He was still her Don, wonderful, loving, talented—and she was still Hope, who didn't know what to do with her love.

Years later, looking back on the next months, she believes she was simply terrible to Don. She went right on going out with other boys. She went right on with the thousand activities that kept her too busy to see him often. She even had the gall to sympathize with him for being in love—unrequited!

The business offices at The Entertainer have one file jammed with requests for interviews—58 requests to date—but Olivier has refused them all. The disappointed press-agent for the show has had to reply: "Mr. Olivier believes that nobody ever won an interview."

*Leonard Lyons
in the New York Post*

He waited. But not passively, of course.

He took as many dates as Hope would give him, and asked for more. He made the most of her admiration for his greater experience and wisdom—he encouraged her to come to him when she had a question or a problem, almost as if he were a big brother. Almost—but not quite. And when he got the lead in a show called *Hot Corner*, he called his agent.

"Got anything in the show for a talented blonde kid?"

The talented blonde read for the producer. When the reading was over, she was understudying the lead.

Not to mention rehearsing with Don, being coached by Don, grabbing a bite during the breaks with Don, going on the road for the out-of-town openings with Don. And one glorious night when the lead was sick—playing opposite Don. Hope's sister flew down to see that. After the show she rushed backstage. "The love scenes," she rhapsodized. "They were magnificent. Everyone in the audience was positively dewy-eyed!"

And remembering them, Hope began to feel somewhat dewy-eyed herself.

Always together

But being together so much gave them more than a chance to know each other really well. It gave them, one Christmas morning, a chance to have something they had never, ever, had before.

Their first fight.

Today, Hope can't even remember what it was about. But what happened after it, she can remember very clearly. They just stopped talking.

They didn't smile; they didn't nod; they didn't exchange so much as a Merry Christmas that day. And though there were hundreds of other people all around, making the usual din, to Hope's astonished ears, it was as if dead silence had fallen on the world.

Because, after all, for four long years, Don's voice had been talking constantly to her, comforting her, explaining things to her; it had spoken on every subject in the world that interested her; it had gone on speaking through his letters when he was half a world away.

And all of a sudden, as simply as that, she knew she didn't want it to stop. Not that lonely, far-from-home Christmas Day. Not ever. She went looking for him, and found him backstage. "I was wrong," she said. "I'm sorry."

Don looked up. "You're absolutely

right," he said to Hope: "you're wrong!"

When the show folded, and they were, for the first time, both out of work, they announced their engagement.

And then they tested for *Bus Stop*.

When they knew they were both in the picture, they made their plans. Shooting was due to be over in April. "We'll come home in May," they told their folks. "We'll be married then."

But Don got sick, and the picture slowed down. Marilyn Monroe got sick, and it bogged down entirely. By March they knew it would run until June. And these two who had waited so long couldn't wait any more. Not even to fly to St. Louis, half-way across the country, to meet their folks and be married there. That meant planning and worrying, and plans could change too rapidly when you were making a movie.

So one day in the middle of the week the studio gave them a long lunch hour, and they ran out for blood tests and license applications.

And that week end, on April 16, 1956, they were finally married.

And of course it was Hope, the too-young, too-unsure little girl who held everything together—because Don, the calm, patient, older man, couldn't find a suit that had all its buttons, didn't have a clean white shirt to his name, drove half way to the preacher without either ring or license, and came so close to collapsing during the ceremony that the preacher had to repeat the pledge twice so he could

get hold of himself and say the words.

A shaky beginning to a very happy marriage.

They live now in an English Tudor house in Los Angeles—a big house they had trouble affording because so much of their earnings go to the refugees Don has never forgotten. But they live there with their son, Christopher, and one housemaid, and if the rooms are bare except for the nursery, it doesn't bother them at all. They're furnishing them gradually with second-hand chairs and sofas picked up at auctions. The important things they have—a kitchen big enough for Hope to putter around in between movies. A bed big enough for Chris to creep into mornings to chortle at his father's singing and his mother's funny faces. A life big enough to include Don's career, which comes first, and Hope's, which comes second, and always will.

What are the things they want? More babies, a permanent home in New York, a schedule that lets them each do just one movie a year, a trip to Europe, more furniture and fewer bare walls. And most of all they want a world in which Chris can grow up unafraid. At peace. But those things belong to the future, not to the present—and the Murrays know how to have patience.

All things come to those who wait. **END**

Hope is in 20th-Fox's *THE YOUNG LIONS*. Don's in 20th-Fox's *FROM HELL TO TEXAS*.

they called me "half-breed"

(Continued from page 39) drinking fountain, knocked her books out of her arm. Worst of all, they ostracized her.

"I never belonged to any kind of a club," says Carolyn. "Nobody would let me in."

Once, she found a nice, new girl who was friendly. Carolyn thought she'd found a best friend at last. But in a few days the girl, a little ashamed, stammered, "I'm sorry—but I can't be friends with you any more. It's hurting my reputation."

"Oh," gasped Carolyn, feeling her heart drop to her toes. "I understand." But she was utterly crushed. From then on she kept to herself and in her place—until the day she saw red, grabbed a knife—and won her first battle against life.

The incident started when she heard the girl behind her whisper, "S-s-s-s-t! Say—Half-breed!"

Carolyn, a skinny schoolgirl with big, round eyes turned around. She knew what to expect; something that would hurt in one way or another. But this time she got a ringing slap across her mouth, and that was too much.

What an Indian can do

Anger leaped like a red flame to her pinched cheeks and blazed in her eyes. Trembling, she snatched up a pocket knife from the boy's desk next to hers.

"You call me an Indian," she screamed. "Well, I'll show you what Indians can do!" Then she grabbed the mass of hair over the startled face and began slashing. Only when hands pinioned her arms did she stop. Her small fists clutched clumps of hair by then, and blood was already beading the cuts she'd made.

Everyone around Nixon Junior High in Amarillo, Texas, nearly dropped dead when quiet, shy Carolyn Sue Jones that day suddenly went on the warpath. Carolyn was pretty surprised herself. But she learned something important that she's never forgotten: "Turning the other cheek is all right for a while. But, sooner or later, the time comes when you have to make a

stand." She got in heavy trouble at school for the blow-off and it didn't head her for any popularity prize. But *The Lord Helps Those Who Help Themselves*—and the kids let her alone.

She'd won her first battle. . . .

Her second victory was against fear, the kind of fear that comes from a word: hospital. Just about as far back as she can remember, Carolyn has been plagued by illness and just keeping alive was a constant battle for her. Thin and sickly, she was cursed through childhood with a strangling, acute asthma, which robbed her frail body of oxygen, especially when the weather turned bad. "I was always indoors," Carolyn remembers. "I never could go out and play like the rest of the kids. If I did, I choked all night long." Later, Carolyn was to spend two solid years in a hospital—often sleeping in oxygen tents.

Her only playmate was her sister Betty, born just after their father died. From the start, Carolyn and Betty were devoted and inseparable. Carolyn still remembers vividly the first time she saw the treasure, couched in a wicker laundry basket bridging two dining room chairs.

"Well," her mother smiled, "what do you think of her?"

Carolyn's little friend

"She's mine," lisped Carolyn Sue. "She's my dolly. Only," she appraised the red, wrinkled baby realistically, "she's got apricot ears!" Not long afterwards, although she was not quite five, Carolyn terrified her household by stealing Betty from her crib and taking her around the neighborhood to show her off. Before Betty was a year old, Carolyn insisted on sleeping with her at night. Betty was all she had, and then Betty grew up a little and Carolyn had no one. No friends to play with.

So she had turned into herself, because there was nowhere else to turn. She couldn't even have pets because she was allergic to fur and they just stirred up her asthma. Briefly, she had a beloved Rhode Island Red rooster named Rusty.

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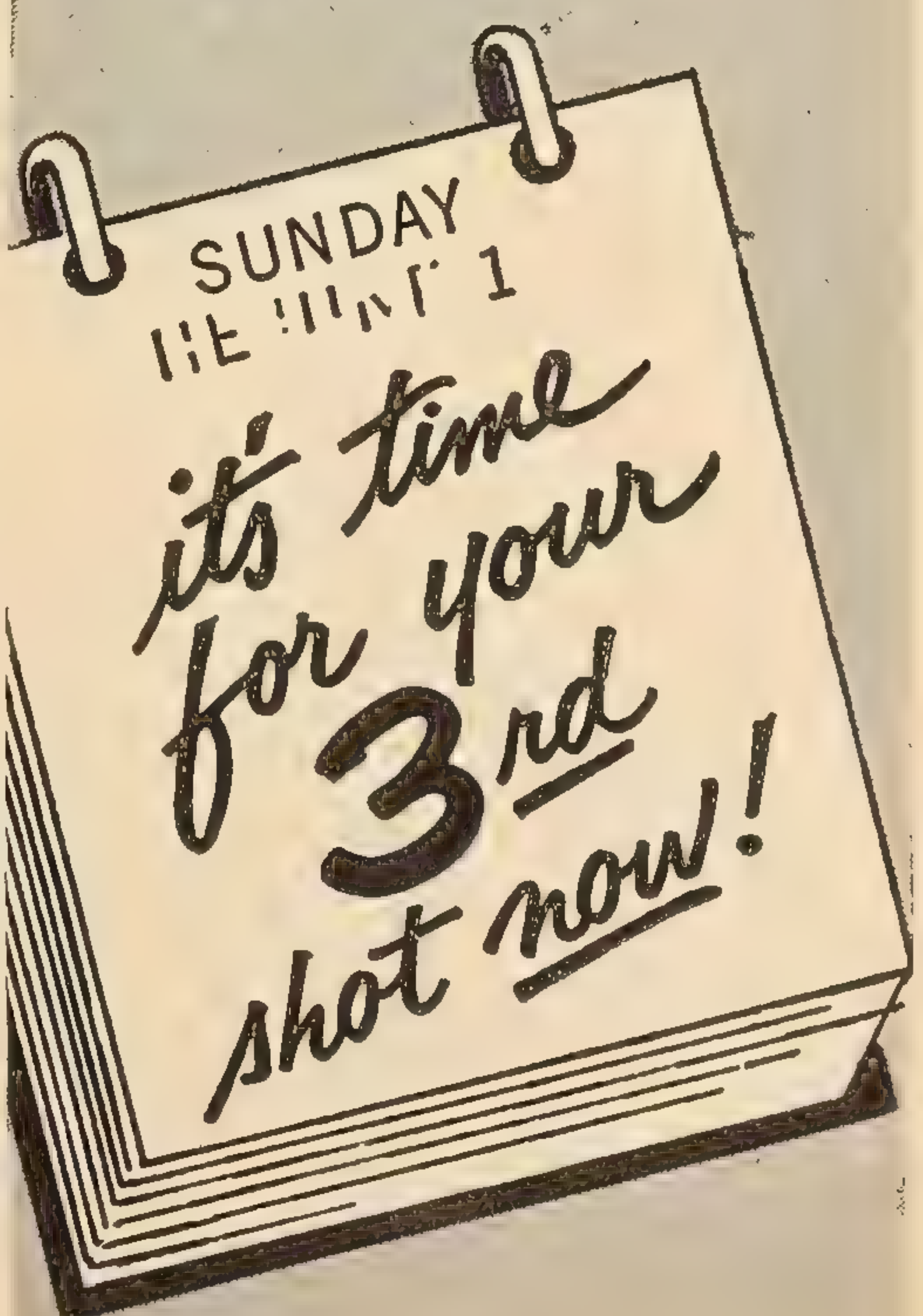
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She kept him in a pen out back by the alley, but one night a raider stole him.

Then, for a long time, Carolyn had a pet teddy-bear named Sailor. She decided he was a magic teddy, because each week she'd give his yellow hair a cutting and then it would grow right back. And she'd cut it off again and it grew right back again! Not long ago Carolyn mentioned this miracle to her mother.

"Of course it grew," her mother answered. "I got you a new one each week."

The rejection and scorn of her own age group made Carolyn almost welcome the two years she spent in the hospital when she was ten . . . except that she was so frightened at being away from home. A teacher came to her bed with lessons and she could study without anyone picking on her for something she could do nothing about. It would have been fine, except that little Carolyn kept thinking maybe she'd never go home again. . . .

About this time she discovered two other escapes—important ones, as things turned out.

Her first expression

Her mother found an elocution teacher, Miss Daisy Persons, a Southern belle of better days who taught 'expression' in her hotel room. Soon at school and all around Amarillo, Carolyn Sue Jones was winning every declamation trophy in sight. Although she seemed about the last kid in town to shine at public speaking, there were reasons which Carolyn knew and few others suspected.

"Recitals were my only chance to spill out all the things I had to keep sealed inside me," she explains. "Besides, when I was up on the stand reciting, nobody could hurt me."

The other place she felt safe was in the dark world of a movie theatre. "I was really only happy when I was watching a movie," Carolyn confesses. "I loved them. The theatre was my foxhole, my magic mirror, my temple." Three times a week she ducked down side streets to the Paramount Theatre in Amarillo. Her allowance paid for one admission; the other two times she sneaked in. She was never caught. For years her luck puzzled her.

Not too long ago, on a personal appearance tour with *House of Wax*, Carolyn bumped into the manager, a Mr. King, who used to run the Paramount. "Remember me?" she asked.

"I'll say I remember you, Carolyn," he grinned. "You used to sneak into my house twice a week."

"How do you know that?" she gasped.

"I watched you," he said. "But I couldn't bear to throw you out. You were the only kid I ever saw who seemed to need movies, like meat and milk. Besides," he chuckled, "I could count on at least one paid admission for every bill."

Sunday School was shocking

Carolyn Jones liked to attend both Sunday School and the Methodist Church. But when she did she was shocked. Boys in her class wrestled; girls combed their hair, chewed gum and gossiped. The Indian stigma followed Carolyn right into the house of God. All this profaned it in Carolyn's eyes. She told her mother, "I can't stand to go there any more," and quit. She hasn't attended a church since, although she is deeply religious and prays regularly.

At Amarillo High School, another well-meant, impulsive gesture she made had even more shattering results. The Amarillo A Cappella Choir was a big thing at A.H.S. Under a gifted choir leader it became a town pride, and it was as big an honor to make it as to star on the football team. In her junior year Carolyn made

it, singing—of all things—bass. Her biggest school-day glory arrived when she was picked to tour Texas cities—Houston, El Paso, Dallas and Fort Worth. About the same time she starred for her school in the Interstate and Tri-State declamation contests. She was up for a big 'A' letter in both activities.

Then a boy who had been nice to her was called into the Army. He said, "Let's spend my last day in town together." His last day was a school day, but to affection-starved Carolyn Jones what he asked was the least she could do. So she cut classes. They called her home, found she wasn't there. Next day she faced the worst punishment the principal could have handed out: both her choir and declamation letters were denied her.

A special dream

She couldn't wait because Carolyn had nursed a dream since she was nine years old, when she saw a story about the Pasadena Community Playhouse in a magazine. She wanted to go there, someday, and the time was now. But she was almost three years under admittance age. Dad Baker was her step-grandfather, and the only father she'd had since her own dad had died when she was three—and Dad Baker was all for ambition, although he balked at a falsehood. But Carolyn was desperate in her plea, "If you never do anything else for me you've got to help me now. You've got to tell a lie and say I'm eighteen." He told the lie and, although his conscience troubled him, C. W. Baker lived to be glad he did.

Because at the Playhouse—which has fed Hollywood with stars for the past quarter-century—Carolyn Jones spent "The happiest days of my life." She started in August 1948, graduated from the two-year course and went back for a third year, too.

"For me, it was like being born again," she recalls. "For the first time in my life I felt important to myself and to everyone around me."

And then one day she knew she faced death again.

That day, pulling off a sweater, Carolyn felt a lump in her left breast. She saw a doctor and got the bad news.

Cancer. . . .

Carolyn went home for the operation, lost a month at the Playhouse and spent another month acting in a plaster cast. But she nipped the budding malignancy and for keeps.

She nipped her mistaken first marriage as boldly and decisively, although it took a little longer.

Too young to be a bride

Carolyn met Don Donaldson at the Playhouse. He was an ex-wartime flier studying on the GI bill, older than she, serious, attractive, kind and well-mannered. They drove to Las Vegas, were married, and Mrs. Donaldson, seventeen, moved from the dorm to an apartment in Glendale, where Don had entered a radio-TV school. Carolyn takes the blame for the break-up.

"I was too young," she says honestly. "I didn't know what I was doing. I married the first person who was nice to me. . . ."

When Don was re-activated in the Reserve and left for Korean duty, she was left alone to face the truth that she didn't want to be a wife to him or a mother—and she didn't kid herself. While Don was in Hawaii, they agreed on divorce. The marriage had lasted a year and a half and Carolyn was nineteen. She moved to Hollywood and got a job taking tickets at the box-office of the experimental Player's Ring. The first small part they let her try was her ticket to a studio job.

Milt Lewis, Paramount's talent chief, caught Carolyn Jones in *Dark of the Moon*

and invited her to do a test scene in the studio's famous Fishbowl. That's practically routine for a likely looking lass with anything on the ball around Hollywood's little theatres. What made it pay off was a chance visit to the test stage by producer Irving Asher, prowling the lot for a girl in his next picture. He handed a three-page part to Carolyn, turned to chat briefly with Lewis, and came back.

"Shall I do it now?" asked Carolyn.

"Oh no—take it home and learn it."

"I have," said Carolyn—and proceeded to prove it.

The turning point

They signed her pronto, and gave her the job. Her first picture was appropriately titled *The Turning Point*.

For Carolyn Jones it was a turning point—in a sense—although the real one came along much later. Actually, at Paramount she did measly bits on a stock contract and was miserable most of the time, even with \$250 a week, "Because I felt I was stealing the money." After six months, they dropped her.

After that, she had her ups, her downs, her ins, her outs, her built-up hopes and her rock-bottom disappointments. Even in Hollywood most people tag Carolyn Jones a newcomer—but she has eighteen pictures behind her and twice that many tv shows.

Once she thought she was on her way for sure. Max Arnow, Columbia's casting director, who'd seen her on the studio's tv stages, tapped her for a nice role in *From Here to Eternity*. But the day her test was scheduled she came down with pneumonia, and that was that. As she tottered out of the hospital, Dad Baker had a stroke; he died the next day. Arnow made it up when she was on her feet again because, "I know you've been sick, had trouble and need money." It was just a girl in a bar for a flash-on. Still, the contact proved to be a lucky break. The same Max Arnow, moved to Hecht-Lancaster, turned out to be an important man in her life. He brought her in for *Bachelor Party*, for which Carolyn just missed her Oscar.

But before that an even more important man looked in on Carolyn Jones' life. Or rather, they both glared at each other.

She first heard about Aaron Spelling from a girl she knew, and Carolyn didn't like what she heard. This "wonderful man from Texas" was giving the girl acting lessons. Carolyn knew her friend had little talent; she suspected a Hollywood racket.

"H-m-m-m—" she remarked, "I'd sure like to meet that charming gentleman!" Next day she did. Her chum pointed him out on a corner as they chugged down Sunset Boulevard and Carolyn slammed on the brakes. She walked over to a handsome, perfectly-tailored, distinguished-looking man, her tomahawk hand itching. "So—you're Mister Aaron Spelling," she began, "well, let me tell you—"

The matinee idol looked blank, but a tall, nondescript guy standing near him spoke up huffily, "I," he announced, "am Aaron Spelling."

Well, just like a movie script, they started hating each other and wound up in love. Carolyn discovered that Aaron was really trying to help her chum out of the goodness of his heart—also a lot of other things about him that she liked. Aaron was a dedicated young dramatist from Dallas. He'd been a big man at Southern Methodist University, worked with the Margo Jones group there as a writer, reported for *Stars and Stripes* while in the Army and studied at Paris' Sorbonne University. He wanted to write, but was earning his cakes with what jobs he could get in tv. He was five years older than Carolyn and even skinnier—six feet and

only 125 pounds. And that's pretty skinny!

They were married at 8:30 p.m., April 2, 1953, purely on love and nerve. At 8:45, when Aaron carried Carolyn over the threshold of the house they'd rented, the phone rang. Aaron's father in Dallas had suffered a heart attack. She borrowed \$25 from her mother—who had moved to nearby Santa Ana, California—for gas. They drove all day and all night to Dallas. When they got back to Hollywood there was just that \$1.92 to start married life—and the rent on their house hadn't even been paid.

That's when Carolyn begged a friend at Revue TV Productions for a rescue job, got it—and then spunkily turned down another because they wouldn't raise her price or her importance. Soon, when she had a notch up on both, she read the riot act to her husband: "Write—or I'm walking out on you." She didn't really mean it, of course; she wanted him to stop worrying about making bread-and-butter money for his wife and himself—and sit down to writing the kind of things he wanted to write. Her bluff worked and today Aaron Spelling has a list of tv and screen credits that would choke a cow—and nobody worries about who's supporting whom.

The happiest marriage

As a result, Carolyn Jones believes she has as secure a marriage as you'll find in Hollywood. "We're not just husband and wife," she points out. "We're also good friends, partners, mutual critics and advisors." All day long the Spellings use the telephone like a walkie-talkie, thrashing out whatever bugs either one of them has at work, and their only project that seems destined to flop is gaining weight. Both Aaron and Carolyn hopefully load up on fattening solids—she drinks cocktails of gingerale and thick cream—but both stay stringbeans.

What's life like for her these days?

Carolyn claims to 'vegetate' between picture jobs, but actually she's constantly skimming around. She reads a book a day at one sitting, flipping the pages after a quick but thorough look. She seldom cracks a script until she hits a set because of that memory of hers. She's still helpless where athletics are concerned, getting exercise by chasing a spoiled dachshund named Victoria von Schnitzelbank around the house. She tinkers with her car—she's a girl greaseball—keeps her blonde hair dyed black, and works at changing records for the *Spelling Swingers*. That's a bohemian group including Mickey Rooney, the Jackie Coopers, Nick Adams, Jimmy and Cluny Komack and scads more who gather

of a Sunday afternoon to talk it up, spin platters and swim. They even have their own coat of arms.

Carolyn, or *Poochie* as Aaron calls her, doesn't give a hoot for night life or Hollywood full-dress affairs. But she insists on keeping her home a house of fun. She's not a bit domestic, but the more the place jumps with people the better she likes it. It was never that way for her as a girl. Right now the fun house is a striking, modernistic, glass-loaded crate hitched to a hill overlooking the whole San Fernando Valley. The Spellings bought it one afternoon when bulldozers, scooping out a new freeway, came right up to the living room window of their old place. The only complaint Carolyn has is its size. "I'd like one just like it—only three times as big," she sighs, "so three times as many people could come see me." But as for Hollywood—she never wants to leave.

This is the place

"Oh, travel, of course. I'd like to make a dozen grand tours I can think of," says Jonesie. "But after all, when a place has given you freedom, acceptance, importance, self-justification and love—well, that's where I'll take my stand."

Even so, every now and then something comes up to revive the old specters that haunted her childhood. Only recently, making *King Creole* on Lake Pontchartrain, she begged for and got two guards to walk beside her at the water's edge because she was panicked lest she'd fall in. That terror dates back to some of the little 'jokes' the girls in school used to play on her.

On that same picture, back in Hollywood, Aaron called her one day—a sort of special call. What he had to say was something beyond belief, "Poochie—hold everything—you've just been nominated for an Academy Award!"

Poochie shattered a take with a mighty scream, and a shaggy-haired guy bounced anxiously up to her side.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" Elvis Presley wanted to know.

"Honey," cried Carolyn, who loved everyone at that moment, "Nothing's the matter. In fact, everything's great—just great! Haven't you ever heard a Comanche war whoop!"

That's what it was, all right. Only, this time Carolyn Jones wasn't whooping with anger, frustration or alarm. She was whooping for joy.

She had won her battles—all of them—gloriously. . . .

See Carolyn in Warners' MARJORIE MORNINGSTAR.

I can't understand why you want to hurt me

(Continued from page 65)

BECAUSE MY WHOLE LIFE, MY PERSONALITY AND I GUESS MY WHOLE OUTLOOK HAS BEEN AFFECTED BY IT. EVEN BEFORE MY PARENTS WERE DIVORCED, MY LIFE WAS AFFECTED—I GUESS BECAUSE AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE DOESN'T GIVE PARENTS MUCH TIME TO WORRY ABOUT THEIR CHILDREN.

Venetia, I am looking at the headlines and pictures on the front page of the London Daily Mirror on March 1, 1938. The extraordinary publicity attending your birth was second only to the Royal Family's. It reads:

FILM STAR PLANS A FAMILY

BEAUTIFUL FILM STAR ANNA LEE, WHO SEVERAL MONTHS AGO BADE A YEAR'S FAREWELL TO THE SCREEN, EX-

PECTS A BABY TODAY, ST. DAVID'S DAY—PLANS TO NAME IT, IF A BOY, DAVID, IF A GIRL, VENETIA.

ANNA AND HER FILM DIRECTOR HUSBAND ROBERT STEVENSON, HOPE TO HAVE CHILDREN AT THREE-YEAR INTERVALS. AND "FIVE WOULD BE AN IDEAL FAMILY." ANNA DECIDED THAT PARENTHOOD WAS MORE IMPORTANT THAN A CAREER, AND THEY BOUGHT A HOUSE AND A FARM IN THE COUNTRY.

SHE AND HER HUSBAND ARE FINDING THEIR YEAR AWAY FROM WORK COSTLY.

Does that sound like we didn't have much time to worry about you, Venetia? And you know, there are dozens of such clippings; in fact, a whole scrap book full, which I gave to you. . . .

You say your "parents were unhappy." You were only four years old, Venetia,

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when our marriage broke up! When you're that small, your memory isn't clear—nor is your judgment.

I WAS THAT POOR LITTLE RICH GIRL. I LIVED IN A NURSERY IN A SEPARATE WING OF THE LARGE HOME MY DIRECTOR FATHER AND ACTRESS MOTHER HAD. I WAS RAISED BY MY GOVERNESS.

All I can say about *that* is: you've built a fairy tale around yourself as a poor little rich girl, which is not true!

Your dad idolized you; when he let you live on your own at fifteen, I didn't approve and I didn't hesitate to say so! But when I advise you—because I want to protect you—you call it interference and criticism. What kind of a mother would I be if I *didn't* try to advise you!

You seem to remember only the unpleasant things about me, Venetia—and I have such happy memories! Like the time when I was expecting the birth of my first child—you, Venetia. It was spring, and I decorated your bassinette with lilies of the valley, my favorite flower. You'll remember, Venetia, the hand-embroidered handkerchief of lilies of the valley I gave you the day you married Russ. You wore it in your wedding bouquet.

I made almost every stitch of your layette by hand. It was of such fine wool that it wasn't practical, but it gave great joy to me. I also like to remind you that at the time it was an unusual thing for a film star to take time off to have a baby. And it was a year before I made another picture. I was only too happy to sacrifice the pictures; as you well know, I have always put my children before my career.

You had a wonderful English Nanny who was with you from the time you were a month old. It is perfectly true that you were under her care for a great deal of the time. This was only because this was how I had been raised. And mine was an exceptionally happy childhood.

PERIODICALLY MY MOTHER WOULD RECEIVE ME IN HER BEDROOM. SHE WAS ANNA LEE, A SUCCESSFUL ACTRESS. HER ROOM WAS ALL MIRRORS AND WHITE SATIN. THAT'S ALL I REALLY CAN REMEMBER OF MY EARLY MOTHER-AND-DAUGHTER RELATIONSHIP.

Here again, Venetia, is the distortion of a child's memory. I am looking at a picture of that bedroom. True, it had a white rug and white satin drapes, but there were no mirrored walls. The headboard of the bed was white satin trimmed with blue. And you admired it so much that I had a miniature made for you "To match Mommy's." You slept in it for many, many years.

You were always free to run in and out of my room as you chose.

There are other things you should remember, though . . . I created your nursery with my own hands—and my love. I made some of your dresses by hand.

PERIODICALLY MY PARENTS WOULD ASK THEIR FRIENDS TO BRING THEIR CHILDREN TO OUR HOUSE. THEY CAME. I DIDN'T KNOW THEM.

Venetia, we used to have wonderful children's parties at the house on Palm Drive. You had so many little friends. And I do not remember this reluctance to play with them. You had such good times.

I HAD BEEN ALONE IN MY NURSERY TOO MUCH TO UNDERSTAND THE GIVE AND TAKE OF PLAY WITH STRANGE CHILDREN.

From the time you were three-and-a-half years old, Venetia, you had the companionship of your baby sister, Caroline. I realize it is not unusual for a child not quite four to be jealous of a new baby.

But I believe we did everything to make you feel the much-loved first-born.

I remember so well the hours before Caroline was born. You were running a fever and didn't want to let me out of your sight. I sat and held your hand all that day and read you stories up to the last moment . . . with the result that Caroline was almost born in the elevator of St. Vincent's Hospital!

THEY FORGOT TO TELL ME WHEN MY FATHER AND MY MOTHER GOT DIVORCED.

When a child is four years old, what can you tell her about divorce, Venetia? I was given custody of my two little girls.

ONE DAY WHEN I WAS SEVEN YEARS OLD I HEARD FROM MY NURSERY THE SOUNDS OF A LARGE CROWD GATHERING DOWNSTAIRS. LEANING

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OVER THE TOP-FLOOR BANNISTER, I SAW MY MOTHER BEING MARRIED TO THE MAN I NOW KNOW AS MY STEP-FATHER. DIVORCE. I'D NEVER HEARD OF IT, THEN. BUT FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE I WAS TO FEEL THE REPERCUSSIONS.

Venetia, we were not married in the house, but very quietly in a small church in Beverly Hills. A small reception with a few friends was held at home. I did not consider it good taste for you and Caroline to be present when champagne was being poured to toast the bride and groom.

I WENT TO COURT AND TOLD THE JUDGE I'D RATHER BE IN MY FATHER'S CUSTODY THAN MY MOTHER'S.

My dear Venetia. Two years after the divorce—and you had been living with me all of the while—you decided you wanted to live with your father. It isn't self pity, but I will not stress the anguish

I went through when you made that decision. Even at that age, you realized that your father could give you more than I could. I had sold the Palm Drive house. We had moved into a nice, but small and more modest, home and picture roles for me, like it happens, became fewer.

Your father and I decided then that in the interests of the family as a whole you should be raised by him and Caroline by me. In this way there would be no divided loyalties. But you always returned to me for the summers—the full three months. That is, until that one in 1955 when your father took you to Europe.

I WENT TO NEW YORK TO BREAK INTO MODELING.

I remember that summer well, Venetia. This was when we began to have a difference of opinion. I felt that fourteen or fifteen was too young to start out on your own. This was the first time you began to resent my authority as a mother.

AS I CAME DOWN THE AISLE IN MY BRIDAL GOWN, I GLANCED AT THE FRONT PEW, AND SAW AN ATTRACTIVE WOMAN IN HER EARLY FORTIES WHO TURNED AND SMILED AT ME. MY MOTHER HAD COME TO MY WEDDING. IT WAS THE FIRST TIME IN FIVE LONG YEARS I HAD SEEN HER.

Venetia, how could you? I was hurt when you didn't send me an invitation to your wedding. Like most other things happening to you at that time, I had to read about it in the papers. But when I called you, you seemed so happy that I was flying down to attend your wedding!

Two months before Tim was born I left the ranch in Montana and returned to California to have my baby. Your two little brothers—John was seven and Steven was six—were with me.

I called you immediately. You came over the next day, and a sweeter daughter couldn't be had. You brought Russ (Tamblyn) and I liked him. You both visited me often.

Tim was born and you and Caroline were there at the hospital when I woke up. I thought happily how blessed I was to have two such beautiful daughters.

DID SHE FEEL ANYTHING OF SADNESS SEEING HER ONLY DAUGHTER MARRY?

Venetia, why are you doing this only-child routine? Is it because the picture you are evidently trying to paint of me is that of a selfish career mother who does not wish to have children? You know me well enough to know I'm far more proud of being the mother of five children than any success I've known as an actress. I have put aside my career for each one of you. And so willingly, Venetia. And your sister Caroline idolizes you! *She was with me at your wedding.* And how proud we both were of such a beautiful bride.

I WONDERED WHAT SHE (MY MOTHER) WAS THINKING. DID SHE FEEL A TWINGE OF SADNESS? I HAD NEVER HAD A SINGLE INTIMATE TALK WITH HER.

Venetia, I can hardly believe you said this. After all of the talks we have had together, all through the years. . . .

You are a beautiful girl, Venetia. And your mother knows you have an inner beauty, too. Why not let that inner beauty, which is the lasting one, shine through and win you love, respect, and loyalty. . . .

As always—with love,

Mother

Venetia is in *VIOLENT ROAD* for Warners and will appear in Warners' *ISLAND OF LOST WOMEN*. Anna Lee is in Columbia's *GIDEON OF SCOTLAND YARD* and will appear in Columbia's *THE LAST HURRAH*.

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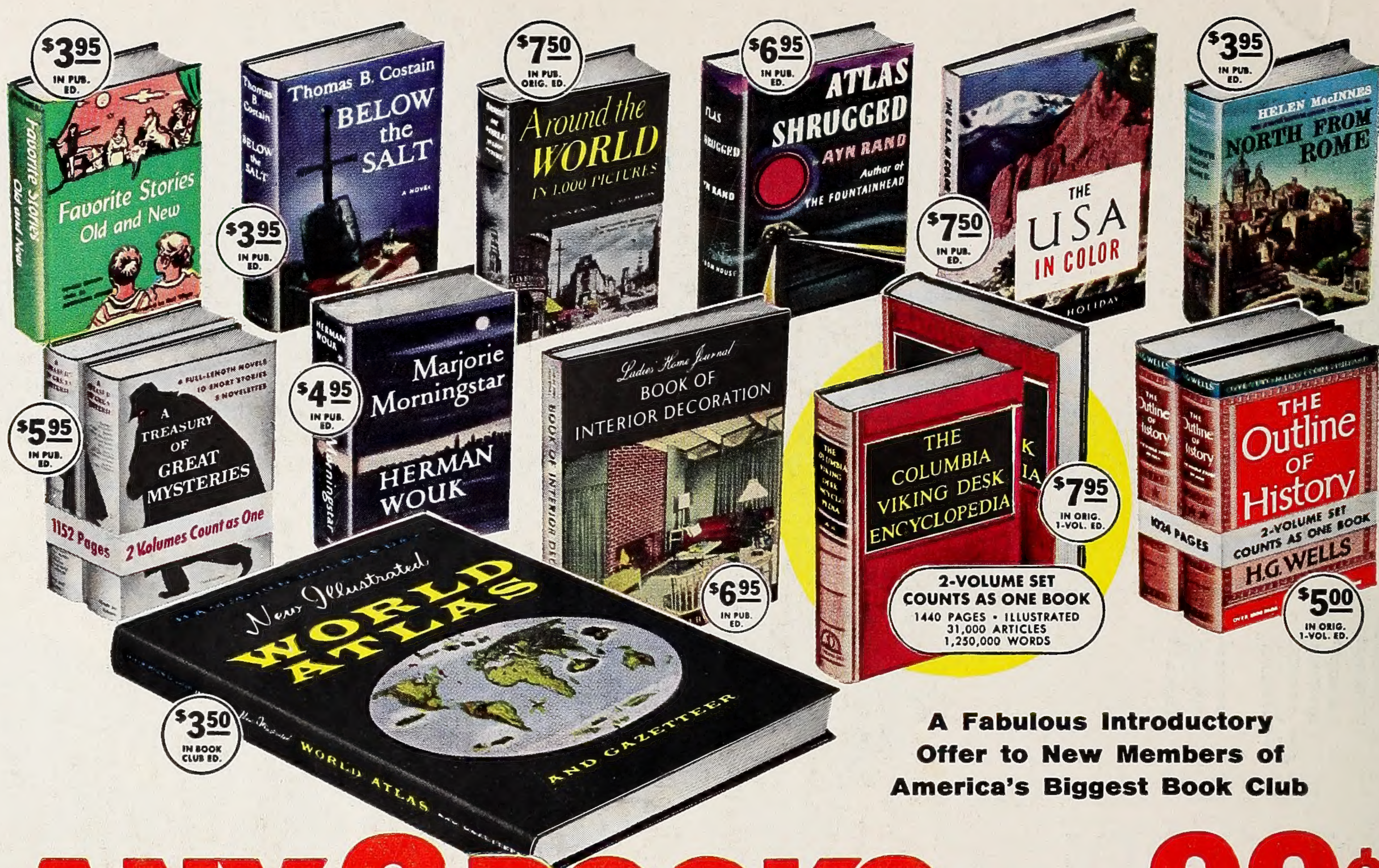
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